

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3653. Vol. 140.

31 October 1925

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] 6d

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 493.	THE THEATRE:	REVIEWS (continued)—
LEADING ARTICLES:	A World Set Free. By Ivor Brown ... 501	Henry Montagu Butler ... 510
Cenotaph or Cabaret? ... 495	MUSIC:	Disraeli and Gladstone ... 511
The Way to Civilization ... 496	A Plea for Cheerfulness. By Dyneley Hussey ... 502	The Death of Socrates ... 511
Pacifying the Balkans ... 497	THE KINEMA ... 504	Naboth's Vineyard ... 511
MIDDLE ARTICLES:	DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:	NEW FICTION:
Dog and Dogma. By Gerald Gould ... 497	Miss Rebecca West. By 'Quiz' ... 507	The Mulberry Bush ... 512
The Disease of Wilsonism. By B. Ifor Evans ... 498	POETRY. By Elizabeth Bibesco ... 508	Simple Annals ... 512
The Chaos in the Countryside. III. By L. F. Easterbrook ... 502	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ... 504	SHORTER NOTICES ... 513
ART:	NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE ... 509	THE QUARTERLIES ... 514
The Norwich Castle Centenary. By A. Bertram ... 500	REVIEWS:	ACROSTICS ... 515
	An Apology to Genius. By J. B. Priestley ... 509	MOTORING. By H. Thornton Rutter ... 516
		CITY NOTES ... 516

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Unsolicited contributions will be considered provided that (1) they are typewritten; (2) they bear the author's name; (3) a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Otherwise we decline responsibility and cannot enter into correspondence. Editorial, Advertising, and Publishing Offices: 9 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2; Gerrard 3157.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE French Cabinet crisis has been overcome, but the financial problem will not be solved by the simple process of changing the Minister of Finance. When M. Caillaux took office we suggested that, since he could not work miracles, his popularity might be short-lived; it has lasted just six months, and we doubt whether the popularity of his successor will last more than half that period, for M. Caillaux's collapse has nothing to do with his policy during the war, but a great deal to do with the fact that he told unpalatable truths about the financial situation in France. By a capital levy, by reducing the interest on state loans or by some other drastic method the French Treasury has to find money, and find it quickly. M. Caillaux is the first victim, but there will doubtless be others before the French can be made to realize the necessity of paying their taxes to save their country from chaos.

MOROCCO AND THE BUDGET

However carefully the French Finance Minister may prepare his Budget, he will find himself faced

by a deficit as long as troubles continue in Morocco and Syria. Even among the so-called "pacified" tribes in Morocco there is still so much discontent that it is quite a perilous thing to pass through their territory to take provisions and munitions up to the front line. Marshal Pétain is now being attacked in France for failing to put an end to the war this autumn, and Abdel Krim, in his mountain fortresses, may console himself by reflecting that, however unpleasant would be renewed fighting next spring, each week increases French opposition to the whole campaign, French reluctance to waste more money in Morocco when it is so urgently needed at home. Even in Syria millions of francs are being lost every month, and the Druses are still capable of creating further trouble. Somehow, and for choice by an appeal to the League, France will have to put an end to the Moroccan war within a very few months.

GERMANY AND THE PACT

The resignation of the Nationalist members of the German Government may delay, but will not prevent, the signature and ratification of the Locarno agreements. The Nationalist opposition, however, is unfortunate for other reasons—with dangerous irresponsibility these politicians

IT WILL PAY YOU
to investigate the
possibilities of the

Remington

BOOK-KEEPING
MACHINES

! Demonstration at your
convenience

will now be able to devote all their energies to fomenting discontent with the unpleasant articles of the Security Pact and to belittling the very considerable advantages that Germany should obtain from Locarno. Furthermore, the knowledge that one large political party in Germany does not consider itself bound by the Pact is not calculated to encourage friendly or generous gestures on the part of the ex-Entente Powers. In the circumstances we feel the best solution of the crisis would have been the dissolution of Parliament, since only new elections would convince the German Nationalists and certain timid gentlemen in other countries that the overwhelming majority of the German people desires peace and reconciliation.

COERCION FOR NON-UNIONISTS

The National Union of Railwaymen has issued in London one of the most truculent notices that a Union has ever addressed to non-Union workers. Though the non-Unionists are nearly as numerous as the Unionists, the figures being roughly 300,000 and 400,000, they are bluntly told that the organization is sick of carrying them on its back and that they must either join up or make way for "better men." An inspection of membership cards has been ordered, and there is no doubt that the N.U.R. means, if it can, to hound every non-Unionist in the Metropolitan area into the Union or out of the industry. The exasperation evident in the wording of the notice will surprise no one who is aware of the decline in membership of Trade Unions which devote the bulk of their funds directly or indirectly to Socialist political campaigns and make the industrial welfare of members quite a secondary consideration. But there are many signs that workers holding other than Socialist opinions are no longer willing to join up provided they can contract out of the political levy.

TRADE UNIONISM RUN MAD

We cannot believe that the many sane leaders which Trade Unionism still possesses will countenance coercion carried to such extremes. That Trade Unionists should desire to get non-Unionists into their organizations is the most natural thing in the world. They are quite entitled to argue that a man should not enjoy the benefits which a reasonable Trade Unionism has secured for an industry without contributing anything whatsoever to the agency by which they were obtained. But such an argument presupposes that the Union will exist solely for industrial and benevolent purposes, and will not involve anyone joining it in irrelevant and questionable activities. If a hundred per cent. membership is to be reached, it must be by a reform of Trade Unionism leaving no room for legitimate objection, not by coercion in the interests of a political party. The theatrical right of exemption from the political levy, of which last year only some 40,000 workers availed themselves, is not in practice sufficient to reconcile workers of other than Socialist opinions to compulsory membership of Trade Unions.

THE FORSTER AND GEBBETT CASES

Among such signs of revolt by the long-suffering are the vigorous and practical protests made by Mr. Forster and Mr. Gebbett. The former's case, thanks to the enterprise of the *Morning Post* and the generosity of its readers, seems likely to go to the Law Courts. What will happen in regard to Mr. Gebbett we do not know, but it is plain that it too should be made a test case. Trade Union animosity against him has been carried further than against Mr. Forster. Not merely has he been prevented from doing his duty as a tram conductor, but he is being excluded from the Camberwell Trades Council in defiance of the wishes of the local branch of the Union to which he belongs. The claim of Union headquarters is thus that not only must a worker join a Union or lose his job, not only must he contribute funds for political campaigns of which he happens to disapprove, but that he must formally and fully accept the political creed of the Socialists or be excluded from the Trades Council to which his local fellow-workers wish to elect him.

WASTE OF POLICE ENERGY

The other day we complained of the waste of the time of the Police, and incidentally of the waste of public money, involved in the prosecution of fortune-tellers. Still more absurd is the misapplication of effort disclosed in the prosecution of a lady who, having a dressmaking business in London, exhibited at a hotel elsewhere some sample dresses, and was summoned for being without a hawkers' licence. A hawker, we should have supposed, was a person carrying on business in the streets, with a tray or a barrow, and having no headquarters other than his personal lodging. We will bow to a technical definition which includes the dressmaker, even though she be only booking orders for execution at her fixed place of business and not selling articles at the place of exhibition. The question remains: What harm was she doing to anyone? The numbers of the Police Force are limited, and there are only twenty-four hours in the day. If the Police are to devote themselves to this hunting out of minute technical offences, how can they discharge their primary and very important duties?

BRITISH ARTS AND CRAFTS

That the British exhibits of arts and crafts at the Paris Exhibition did not have to rely on elaborate staging to win awards is shown by the fact that they received no fewer than thirty-two *Grands Prix*, a figure excelled by only one other visiting country. America did not exhibit—it is said, on the ground of expense. It was satisfactory to see how well the publishers did; the book bindings were particularly attractive. In the arts and crafts the London County Council led the way with three *grands prix*, and nine others were gained by various provincial schools of art. It is encouraging to find our young designers can so well hold their own in competition with those of other countries, and it is a tribute to the educational system under which their talent is directed.

THE TARIFF CONFERENCE

China is a far-distant country, and its generals behave in unexpected ways. At one moment we

31 October 1925

are told that the notorious "Christian General," Feng, is a Bolshevik, and the next that he may join hands with Chang Tso-lin, the principal opponent of Bolshevism, in a campaign against Wu Pei-fu, who seems to be, at the present moment, almost the most important gentleman in China. In such circumstances it is obviously rash to attempt any criticism of Chinese events. But one ventures, with due diffidence, to regret that when, last week, Wu Pei-fu demanded the postponement of the Tariff Conference until China had a more representative Government the delegates to the conference were unable to send him any reply. They cannot, of course, go behind the back of the present ministry in Peking, but they should lose no opportunity of emphasizing the desirability of federation in China. Unless the different states can be persuaded to co-operate, the Tariff Conference will probably do more harm than good.

A PLAY TO SEE

Playgoers in the Notting Hill and Ladbroke Grove area and any others who do not mind a short journey should make a note of the Century Theatre, where the Lena Ashwell Players maintain their repertory. During this week a comedy by Mr. Allan Monkhouse, 'The Education of Mr. Surrage,' has been produced there for the first time in London. Certain problems of public statuary must be educating quite a number of Surrages in these days. This pre-war study of the old fogey and the new art has a prophetic quality which makes it topical of 1925. Mr. Monkhouse's fun keeps fresh, and the way in which the solid family man rides the whirlwind of a Bohemian invasion is put forward in dialogue of a subtle and diverting order. Those who saw 'The Conquering Hero' may wonder what Mr. Monkhouse did for our stage before he gave it its best war-play. The answer is that he wrote plays like this of Mr. Surrage, unusual, untheatrical, unassuming, in which any actor is hard put to it to be the instrument of the author's delicate intention. But the players at the Century Theatre make a good shot at it, and two at least, Mr. Wilfred Fletcher and Mr. Alan Webb, hit a mark that is worth anyone's aim.

ART AND MODESTY

Whistler was content with all the admiration his pictures deserved, and left detraction to others; Mr. Nevinson has gone further, and provides both applause and hisses where his own work is concerned. The older artist was the more modest of the two. There is something both ludicrous and irritating in Mr. Nevinson's long delayed discovery of his own fallibility. It amazes him that he should have done so badly, and with inverted vanity he proclaims his failure "the world's worst picture" and demands that it be withdrawn from public view. Well, Rossetti came to think poorly of his 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' but he raised no clamour, simply summed it up as "that blessed white eyesore" and went on with his work. Let Mr. Nevinson contemplate the despised Victorians.

CENOTAPH OR CABARET?

TWICE, in successive years, we have protested against the impropriety of turning the anniversary of the Armistice into a jazz feast. This year, seeing signs of a hardening of public opinion against Armistice revelry, we shall refrain from urging the more obvious objections to treating November 11 as an occasion for feasting and jazzing. We will, rather, bring the argument down from the level on which we conducted it to a more mundane plane. We will contend, that is, not so much that the public errs in frequenting hotels, restaurants and night clubs on a solemn anniversary as that it is the victim of suggestion by the catering trade. For, whatever may have been the truth about Armistice junketing in years when people were still under the influence of the feelings excited by the actual cessation of hostilities, it is certain that by now not five per cent. of the public is moved by the sense of sudden delivery from peril. If men and women revel now, it is not in reaction from strain, but through stupid willingness to acquiesce in the designs of restaurateurs, who see in this and every other anniversary an occasion for adding to their profits. What was the nation's extremity has become the trade's opportunity, and the war is remembered, in certain quarters, because forgetfulness of it would diminish takings.

Let anyone not too unfortunate in his acquaintances inquire of them whether they really wish to dine and dance on this anniversary, and he will learn that they do not. But the atmosphere is full of suggestions that everybody else will be dining and dancing, that it will be singular, if not almost immoral, to abstain from turning the seventh return of the date on which the guns ceased into a feast-day, and, hypnotized by advertisements, they will be there. During the war, it was so obviously necessary to give a good time to youth back from the front; surely now it is incumbent on survivors to jazz to the honour of the fallen. The thing is not put so crudely as that: even those who are most active in booming these entertainments would shrink from doing so if the implications of their argument were made clear to them. But, as things are, establishment vies with establishment in urging the public to unseemly amusements, and people given to acting on the suggestions of advertisers in other matters naturally respond to pressure in this also. Were it not for this urging by the establishments which are to benefit, the numbers of those who desecrate the anniversary of the Armistice would be very much smaller, and as soon as the number fell there would be every likelihood of the total cessation of these feasts and dances and cabaret entertainments.

There is thus no question of having to persuade the whole public to withdraw from complicity in turning the anniversary of the Armistice into a vulgar indulgence of appetite and jazz-mania. If only there can be brought about such a decline in the number of offenders as would deprive the caterers of excuse for suggesting that the hotel or restaurant or night club is universally recognized as the shrine at which the saved pay tribute to the memory of their saviours, there will abruptly come an end to the whole folly. And the decline we

desire can be secured easily enough, we believe, by bringing home to people the fact that they are being lured into attendance at pleasure resorts merely to benefit the establishments which run them. There may be those who are cynical enough to be indifferent to the reproach of rejoicing out of season, but there can hardly be any who will shrug their shoulders when told they are being exploited by the vendors of food and wine, the providers of dance bands and cabaret turns. It is on these lines, we think, that criticism must be developed if the less sensitive patrons of the Armistice entertainments are to be deterred from supporting them.

It may be thought that some alternative method of celebrating the Armistice ought to be put forward. There is little to recommend any endeavour of that sort. Were the public as a whole capable of keeping the anniversary in some worthy way, it would not have allowed itself to fall victim to the attractions offered by hotel and restaurant and dance club orgies. We may regret but we cannot alter a state of affairs in which the nation cannot unite in some fit act of homage to the fallen, some worthy expression of gratitude for the peace that fell on a gun-deafened world seven years ago. It is useless to whip little groups of people into this or that method of celebration while the bulk of the nation goes another way. Let us be content if we can eliminate misplaced hilarity from the programme of November 11, and secure at least that no one's sense of seamliness shall be wounded by the sights and sounds which have hitherto troubled some of us on each anniversary.

THE WAY TO CIVILIZATION

THE idea of progress has come in for as bad times recently as trade itself, and it is often pointed out that however much comfort and the trappings of civilization may have increased since the days of the Greeks our minds have not improved at all in the meanwhile. If anything they are distinctly inferior in creative power to the best minds of many previous generations. From this beginning it is argued either that the mind is unalterable and only the externals of life change with the generations or that the mind is capable of as much expansion as material wealth if only it were treated in the right way.

The science, or rather the sciences, of the mind are still in their credulous infancy; but we know that education on sound lines can work wonders and that furthermore the mind is susceptible to suggestion and environment. Naturally it is not the deliberate suggestions which count as influences, for even including advertisements these are altogether negligible, but the permanent inanimate suggestions of every visible thing. In the days when life was less complicated the wise man said simply that if he could have the making of the nation's ballads it mattered little who made the laws. By now the channels of suggestion have been so vastly increased that it is not a case of ballads but of newspapers, films, advertisements, music, education, broadcasting and a good deal besides. These are the influences which are paramount among the great mass of the population; no class nor person is so independent as to be quite

exempt from their directing impulses and only a diminutive minority has the power of thought sufficiently developed even partially to challenge and criticize their supremacy. It follows that if any advance is to be made in the direction of civilization it must be made by capturing the control of these influences and using them consciously and whole-heartedly to that end. It must be understood that no Utopian vision is implied. We see in every generation a certain number of energetic families fight their way up from the lower strata of society to the higher and consolidate their position so that within three generations they are in no way inferior to their new standard: we see the educated class expand (though very gradually) in numbers, and we must allow that by improving the conditions of life for the uneducated on similar lines they could eventually be raised at least as near to civilization as the present professional classes. But we make the mistake of appealing by reasoning which they have no apparatus for understanding: their minds are vestigial or rudimentary and the only means of approach to them is by those avenues of suggestion which we leave to a haphazard collection of more or less disreputable financial adventurers. There are exceptions certainly among these last, but they are swamped by the low standard set by their competitors. The surprising number of imitative robberies, suicides and even murders, inspired equally by the depraved news-columns of the Press and the imaginary exploits shown on the screen; the almost incomprehensible success of advertising in creating a steady demand for certain very unsatisfactory and second-rate articles as well as for honest goods; the prevalence of American habits, methods and turns of speech and a thousand other things are symptomatic of the power of suggestion which is left to the tender mercies of the exploiter.

Now the exploiter being a business man is incapable of seeing that anything good can pay, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. During the last year or two we have seen on the London stage 'Saint Joan,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Beggar's Opera,' 'Hassan,' and a good many other plays of uncommon literary merit, all of which have been as great successes as any ordinary musical comedy and have in most cases had to be extended beyond all expectation—a conclusive proof of their financial attractiveness. Yet we have to see theatre after theatre revert to the primitive jungle of musical comedy (or crude sex-drama) which is regarded by short-sighted managers as the safer line, though actually it fails more often than a good play competently produced and loses a great deal more money in the process. The difficulty of laying hands on a good play is well known, and it would not be fair to blame managers for a deficiency which they are powerless to remedy. What is open to condemnation is that wretchedly common commercial pessimism which makes up its mind beforehand that a good thing in the literary sense cannot possibly be a good thing in the financial.

The same poor opinion of popular taste is found in other directions. Music publishers have succeeded in making obsolete a great body of good music—not classical music but the folk-tunes and airs which had been retained by popular judgment as worth keeping out of all the stuff published since far beyond Elizabethan times. Instead of

them we have a tuneless, discordant repertory of either jazz or sentimentality from America. The same obsession that the worst pays best is responsible in journalism for the publication of columns of garbage from the law courts on the ground that they are what the public wants. After the outbreak of the recent epidemic any newspaper which had had the courage to advertise "No Law Courts Revelations" on its contents bill would assuredly have gained greatly, not lost, in circulation, and would have kept its soul into the bargain, if it had any. The truth is that so long as these things are on exhibition quantities of pliant people will flock to see them just as they used to flock to see public executions and bear-baiting and dozens of other barbarities. If they were not there no one would miss them. Advertisers, also, stand solidly on the side of self-indulgence. No rising standard of living and no academic system of education can do more than prepare the way for the attainment of civilization, which is at the mercy of private enterprise. It is easy and effortless to make money by pandering to the lowest instincts, but so long as it continues there can be no progress. That cannot be achieved by legislation but only by a growing sense of responsibility among those concerned and by their realization of the truth that a good thing well done is not invariably less profitable than vice and nonsense.

PACIFYING THE BALKANS

THE relation between the Locarno Conference and the settlement of the Greco-Bulgarian dispute is too significant to be passed over in silence. On October 23 the Bulgarian Government appealed to the League of Nations; on October 26 the League Council, several members of which had travelled hundreds of miles at the very shortest notice, adopted a resolution in Paris which showed that, in the words of Mr. Chamberlain, it considered the Greek advance into Bulgaria as an "intolerable affront to civilization." The Council's resolution was drafted in far firmer terms than have ever been employed by that body before, and left no doubt that from now onwards Balkan frontier incidents, however serious, must not be allowed to degenerate into war-like measures which may lead to a general conflict, as did the Sarajevo murder in 1914.

It is natural enough to suggest that the Council behaved with caution during the Italian occupation of Corfu because Italy is, relatively speaking, a strong power, and with severity during the Greek occupation of Bulgarian territory because Greece is small and weak. But there is much more in the Council's changed attitude than that. In 1923 M. Poincaré desired to retain at any cost the few Italian engineers in the Ruhr, and, in consequence, the French representative on the Council could use none but honeyed words in which to refer to Italy's act of aggression. In October, 1925, after the Locarno Conference, all the States represented on the Council have at last a common policy and, since the success of Locarno depends to a great extent on the success of the League, one of the principal points of their common policy is the strengthening of the League's influence in foreign affairs.

Whether the first Greek soldier to be killed in the recent dispute fell in Greek or Bulgarian territory is a matter of relatively little importance: what is of capital importance is the fact that General Pangalos tried to take matters into his own hands instead of appealing immediately to the one impartial body, the League. This effort to play the double rôle of prosecutor and judge has led to humiliation—not on account of any general hostility to the present Greek Government but solely on account of the general realization that no country can, nowadays, take the law into its own hands without threatening the peace of the world. For the first time the League has shown itself in the rôle of an efficient guardian of the peace, ready to take rapid and decisive action in an emergency.

It would, of course, be dangerous to exaggerate the importance of the Council's action. But we welcome it for two reasons. In the first place it will probably lead to the establishment of some special machinery to prevent the recurrence of these Balkan frontier incidents which have so frequently led to wars in the past, and in the second place, it is a timely illustration of the effectiveness of international co-operation. When the members of the League Council choose to agree, to sink minor national interests for the common good, then the League will rapidly become quite as powerful as any student of foreign affairs could wish it to be. The Locarno Conference has so emphasized the benefits of co-operation, the collective responsibility of nations, that one may hope, with some confidence, for firm action on the part of the League whenever any country, large or small, tries to settle its disputes by brute force. The manner in which it has dealt with the Greco-Bulgarian affair is, to say the least of it, encouraging.

DOG AND DOGMA

BY GERALD GOULD

FATHER RONALD KNOX wrote the other day that dogs have no souls. I do not know why this should have seemed to me so intolerable and unforgivable a piece of arrogance, for I am no animal-lover. "Dog delights not me: no, nor cat neither." But even I, curmudgeon as I am towards animals (for they frighten me, to tell the truth)—even I have known some friendly and four-footed fools who had as good a right to run about celestial fields as many stockbrokers, Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, jockeys, and writers of articles for the Press. There are shepherds who would not care to survive bodily death unless they could meet again their best friends, Caesar and Rover; and I find it somehow impossible to believe that even a sparrow falls uncared-for on the ground. We share with animals the tenement of clay, and the brief business of earthly life, and the unescapable menace of mortality, and food, and drink, and loyalty, and love: I do not know why we should be too proud to share the one thing that can give significance, for us or for them, to all that pother. The swallow comes in out of the night, and goes back into the night again, and I, for one, am ready to take my chance with it. And take the chance with it I must, whether

I am ready or no; and so, willy-nilly, must Father Ronald Knox.

But, if his conclusion is odd, the arguments by which he supports it—if you can call them arguments, or can call it supporting—are odder. Father Knox urges, in effect, that the rational processes, the large faculty of speculation, the divine uncertainty which compels the human being to look before and after, are lacking in animals. Why, that is what he cannot know. The data which would enable him to know it are, in the nature of things, lacking. He cannot tell whether animals think, in the human sense of thinking, until he has established with them a method of interchanging thought; and, if he could establish that, his whole case would be gone. There is no denying that animals appear to draw roughly correct deductions from observed facts; so do humans, though their observation is vaguer and their conclusions are more frequently incorrect. It is easy to say that the process is instinct in the former case and ratiocination in the latter. Since neither I, nor Father Knox, nor anybody else, can tell what instinct is, or give any definition of ratiocination which does not beg the question by assuming the rational process, we are scarcely forrarder. Father Knox's science is really in the exact sense nescience. He does not know what goes on in the animal mind: it is barely conceivable that he supposes himself to know what goes on in the human mind. I once read an instructive story about a South Sea Islander who cherished a yellow-haired drunkard, loved him, lived for him, succoured him, served him, saved him, and cut off his head. The Islander's god collected heads, and preferred them in good condition; the drunkard's health had to be mended before his hair could secure his murderer in the hope of immortality. It was only a story; but will Father Knox deny that there are plenty of human minds and motives as remote from his own as that imaginary savage's? Will he tell us what common ground of understanding he has with such? Will he give us a definition of the "soul" that will embrace the head-hunter and exclude the tail-wagger?

Secondly, Father Knox invites us to look at the consequences of supposing that animals have souls. If dogs have souls, then to kill them when they are old is murder! This argument is so full of gaps and fallacies that one cannot tell even what it is supposed to amount to. There might be something in it—though very little—if, in fact, we did regard it as murder to kill men. But the organized communities in which we live, and for whose activities we are responsible, kill men constantly—many of them do so by capital punishment; all of them do so, on occasion, in war—and they do not count it murder. I have never heard that the Church to which Father Knox belongs has forbidden the practice of capital punishment; and I suppose that, like other Churches, it often blesses the banners that go forth to war. Certainly it allows the killing of men for social causes which, however necessary or admirable it may maintain them to be, can scarcely rank higher in the scale of charity than the shielding of a sentient being from decay, and degradation, and pain. If we kill dogs in their own interests, when their lives are tolerable no longer, and kill men in other people's interests,

when they would fain go on living, it hardly looks as if we rated the human life much higher than the canine. Nor, if we did, would it prove anything about the possession of souls. It is, of course, true that we also kill dogs for social reasons, and drown puppies and kittens with a direct ruthlessness which no civilized nation would apply to its own offspring; but that is not the point. To cut short a life is not to prove it soulless, or even to prove that we think it soulless. On the contrary, it is precisely to creatures who are assured of immortal souls that the transitory and trivial conditions of earthly life and death would seem to matter least.

So it will not do for anybody—be he as learned, as witty, as charming as Father Knox, or the fattest weed on Lethe wharf, it makes no difference—to chop up the quick and vivid world by parallels of abstraction. If man is to be saved, it will not be through the sin of pride, which cokers him up to a false estimation of himself, and inflates him beyond the compass of the bull-frog, the ox and the hippopotamus. It will be through the humility which makes him take the birds and fishes for his sisters and brothers. To deny the infinite possibilities of the spirit to any living creature is to pay a poor compliment to life: to set ourselves apart from our fellow brutes is to make a sorry show of our own inadequacy and brevity. I repeat that I write disinterestedly in this matter. I cannot endure a cat-and-dog-life myself: I always imagine that dogs are going to bite me, and I always *know* that cats are going to scratch me. But they have their rights. They have their souls. And I would rather see Father Knox employ his eloquence in preaching to the fishes and the birds, like St. Francis, than in turning his dogma against a dog.

THE DISEASE OF WILSONISM

By B. IFOR EVANS

FOR some undiscoverable reason it seems to be an essential of controversial etiquette to avoid any reference to the United States which shall suggest adverse criticism. One might imagine that we were a nation of small boys unwilling to offend the rich uncle who has all the half-crowns in his bulging pockets. And yet, since we have strained our financial position in order to meet our American obligations, we may surely claim at least the right to be explicit.

I have been travelling in the Orient for a year as a student of politics, and I have found how the disease of Wilsonism, that by-product of American Puritanism and American ignorance, has affected Eastern nations. I do not wish to go so far as the American critic, Mr. H. L. Mencken, who wrote recently of the "late Woodrow's hypocritical Fourteen Points—a deliberate and successful device to divide and conquer the Germans." My sole indictment is against the narrow provincialism of America which led to the belief that the mere enunciation of such a phrase as "universal self-determination" would save the world, and against those of us who allowed the treachery of words to deceive us into supporting the belief.

Wilson never realized that facts and men and religions and intrigues and corruptions control us, and that no mere phrase, even if it is dignified with the name of principle, can save us. To con-

sider the position in Egypt. What would the phrase "self-determination" mean if dropped into the maelstrom of Egyptian politics to-day? If it connotes the immediate removal of all foreign administrative control, that would result, not in self-determination, but in the rule of a small Circassian minority over a large and illiterate peasantry. Does American political idealism, bred in the cloistral atmosphere of Princeton, believe in the restoration of the lashing *kurbash* and the forced labour of the *corvée*?

Since the war Wilsonism has spread through the East like a plague. To-day, I suppose, it is the fourth or fifth great religion of the world. Wilson, like many other prophets, had the capacity of dying at the dramatic moment just before his doctrines became uncomfortable: they were still the flaming vision untarnished by any contact with facts. But it must be remembered that Washington did not believe in Wilsonism, neither did the Anglo-Saxon people, nor Europeans generally at the time when America was first settled. Our Empire was won, just as America was won, by right of conquest, at a time when conquest was a delectable occupation of all true gentlemen. Our Empire, let us admit it freely, was founded by a series of amazing victories. Once we had acquired that Empire our moral conscience changed. It was as if we tried to govern by the dictates of the Sermon on the Mount an Empire which we had acquired by the methods of Trajan. Even in the days before Wilson was known as a worthy Presbyterian don in Princeton we were engaged in the difficult and dangerous task of an evolutionary process to self-government. We knew that before people can rule they must be educated into literacy and tutored into representative institutions. Wilson dreamed that it could all be done in a day and with a single phrase. The degree of self-government which we gave the Egyptian people by the Proclamation of 1922 marks a piece of voluntary self-abnegation unparalleled in history. Unfortunately it has proved an unwarrantable step, for corruption and inadequacy are stealing back into Egyptian life, a slow tide which may finally plunge this country into the chaos to which Ismail brought it forty years ago. Let it be remembered, too, that the Egyptians least of all people in the world believe in self-determination; they have made persistent claims to the Sudan, a country to which their claim, even by conquest, is an extremely dubious one. In a word, Wilsonism's only effect upon Egypt was to swell a minority of the population with such pride that they thought the whole of the business of the Versailles Conference could be delayed to hear their grievance: it led them to bring to a head the fateful rebellion of 1919, and blocked up the passages of harmonious evolutionary self-government with masses of unintelligible verbiage.

In India I discussed Wilsonism with Gandhi. "What," I asked, "would self-determination mean in India to-day?" Gandhi replied that he took the term to imply the removal of all British control from India. "That," he added, "would mean civil war in all probability; war between Hindus and Moslems." Intelligent Indian leaders to-day, even Swarajists and those whose doctrines and attitude are consistently anti-British, crave not for complete self-determination

but for a hastening of the evolutionary process to self-government. In Delhi I discussed this same question with Mr. Ginnah, the very able young Moslem leader of the Independent Party. Though he believed that the degree of self-government already granted to Indians was inadequate, he admitted that for many years to come the presence of the British was essential. Even when India was ready to govern herself, all that Mr. Ginnah could suggest as a method was "the oligarchy of a small minority of educated Indians over three hundred million illiterate peasants." In India to-day we see a return to sanity, after the feverish post-war period in which the Ali brothers and other such agitators of more than dubious probity battered on the unrest which highly-coloured versions of Wilsonism spread through the East.

The world cannot be saved by phrases. The great fallacy of Wilsonism was a belief in words. Words are a coinage everyone possesses, and yet they are the most treacherous exchange in the world. The story has still to be written of how Wilson's phrase "self-determination," transmuted by the Eastern imagination, brought agitation and unrest in the post-war years. I believe that both we ourselves and the Eastern peoples with whom we are connected have outlived the fallacy of the phrase. Yet this remains, that in the face of American sentimentalism which is untutored by much knowledge of foreign affairs we should never be apologetic. If we think of the Egypt of Ismail's day when a nation went into pawn at the bidding of international finance, if we remember the Egypt of Cromer's day struggling under careful stewardship to prosperity, and, finally, see the prosperous free peasant of to-day, we find nothing of which we need be ashamed.

I remember one day approaching the harbour at Bombay with the President of a great American corporation. He said, "I have travelled round the world six times. It has changed my outlook. To-day I believe Great Britain to be the greatest civilizing force in the world." That opinion had been reached by personal contact with conditions; but even those who from the rostra of their Main Streets condemn us and think that our day as a civilizing force is over have yet to show us how to liquidate our responsibilities. It would be well for us to take stock of our position. Once as an Anglo-Saxon people we believed in ourselves and our mission. We thought we were doing a big job in the East, and doing it fairly well. Since the war we have lived, from an imperial point of view, in a miasma of introspection and inertia. Yet these larger responsibilities are with us along with redoubled domestic cares. The perfervid unreality of the post-war period in the East has passed; the reign of the phrase is over; perhaps now as a new High Commissioner enters the Residency at Cairo, and as a new Viceroy will soon be on his way to Delhi, we might take a larger survey of our wider responsibilities and settle what our future policy is to be.

¶ We shall publish next week a special number celebrating the Seventieth Anniversary of the founding of the SATURDAY REVIEW. This will be a much enlarged issue, representative of the SATURDAY's history from 1855 to the present day. Orders should be placed now.

ART

THE NORWICH CASTLE
CENTENARY

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

THE loan collection which has been arranged by Mr. Percy Moore Turner and exhibited in the Norwich Museum to commemorate its hundredth anniversary is not only striking in quality but most original in conception. Unlike the majority of such exhibitions, jumbles of unrelated pictures or works of one school or period, it is an important illustration of art history and a display of artistic development through three hundred years.

Mr. Turner has taken up the story of painting at the significant moment when Italy fell into the depths, and the genius of art, voyaging northerly, took up its abode in one Peter Paul Rubens. In Holland, with Ruisdael, Cuyp and Hobbema, and in France with Claude, Watteau, Chardin, and Fragonard, we mark its progress; then comes its long delayed visit to England, first with Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough and Reynolds, later with Crome and Cotman, the stars of Norwich, Constable, and Bonington. Back we go to France, and a long line of great work, the Barbizon School, directly derived from Constable, Corot, Millet, Daubigny, Rousseau; then Delacroix, and again an influence from England, Turner; then Courbet, Daumier, Jongkind; the Impressionists, Manet, Monet, Sisley and Degas, with their English followers, Mr. Sickert and Mr. Steer; Seurat, Signac, Renoir, Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, and last of all a group of contemporaries, English and French, MM. Bonnard, Derain, Friesz, Grant, Marchand, Matisse, Porter, Segonzac and Vuillard. Such, briefly, is the story of Northern Art since Rubens, and each of these painters is represented at Norwich. So, also, though I do not know why, is Ingres. This master is, like Blake, a freak, and has nothing to do with the orderly development indicated above.

To have collected together so many great pictures and to have arranged them with such intelligent care is a very distinguished service to art. High praise is due to Mr. Turner and to the Norwich authorities whose rare enlightenment gave him so splendid an opportunity. It seems ungracious to cavil, but Mr. Turner has himself set us so high a standard, that criticism is sharpened to razor keenness. The large Chardin, 'Une Dame Prenant son Thé,' is a weak and faulty piece of work. Mr. Herbert Furst, in his book on Chardin, says of this that it "cannot compare in the quality of paint with less pretentious work," and later quotes it as an example of his portraits, all of which, he says, are poor. The 'Still Life,' however, at Norwich is very fine. The Wilson 'Landscape Evening' is a crude, over-restored piece of work, entirely lacking in that rich glow and softness which are Wilson's greatest charms. 'Solitude,' however, is a splendid specimen. The Reynolds portrait of Fox is duller than most of his work, and the sole example of it. The Crome 'Water Mill' and Daubigny's 'Autumn—Moonrise' are the last two pictures with which I

would find fault. Such is the maximum of dispraise which may be given to a collection of eighty-one pictures.

It will be observed that all these works are of the earlier period, Turner's splendid 'The Burning of the Ships' at the end of the hall being the dividing point of the two sides. No doubt greater difficulties presented themselves in the obtaining of eighteenth century work, but even allowing for that the nineteenth century clearly establishes its superiority. Gainsborough's 'Self Portrait' is, of course, a charming and poetical piece of work, but our admiration for it is quite blotted out if we swing on our heel and confront Renoir's superb 'La Loge,' one of the most exquisitely beautiful pictures I have ever seen. Crome's landscapes seem wonderfully restful and soundly built, until we are overwhelmed with the superb structural assurance and faultless tone pattern of Cézanne's 'La Montagne Sainte Victoire.' Constable's 'The Glebe Farm' is a gay and fresh, vivid reproduction of nature until we have looked upon the Steers, the Sisleys and the Manet. So it goes on, and the climax of achievement is M. Segonzac's rich and profound 'Le Printemps.'

This is a general impression, received standing in the middle of the room and at first glance. Maturer consideration, however, reveals certain less immediate virtues in the older men. Cotman's masterly simplicity, never better displayed than in 'The Waterfall,' exhibited last year at Wembley, is unrivalled on the opposite wall; so is the delicate perfection of Watteau, beautifully illustrated in the little 'Two Figures Seated in a Garden.' There remain two negative criticisms to make. The Claude, 'Appollo Flaying Marsias,' although a fine picture, is not in the front rank of his work, and of the Rubens, 'Portrait of the Archduke Albert,' on which I commented in these pages when it was exhibited at the Independent Gallery, the same remark may be made. It is unnecessary to say, the picture being entirely by Rubens, that it is a masterpiece of strength and sureness; but there are many Rubens's one could think of, pictures in public collections all over Europe and therefore unobtainable, which would have plunged every other work in this exhibition into a decent pettiness. Rubens is one of the unchallenged giants of the world, the greatest genius, perhaps, of Western art. Fine portraitist though he is, the full sweep and swing of his mighty brush can only be felt in those compositions, born of his princely imagination, those vibrant and exalted pœans of sublime rhythm, which are the rich harvest of the struggle and vital force of the Renaissance. Rubens summed up all achievement before him, and, as we see so clearly at Norwich, he is the fount of all that came after. Once the memory of Rubens marches into the assembly at Norwich, the balance swings over and all that brilliance and perfection which we have noticed in modern work seems very finite and measurable. A poor Rubens would have been intolerable at Norwich; a good Rubens portrait is just; a supreme Rubens would have quite dimmed those lesser splendours and borne the palm alone. It was wise of Mr. Turner, perhaps, to take Rubens below his highest mark, that he might walk mannerly with lesser men, and so by courtly condescension, cloaking his kingliness with a modest dukedom, avoid too odious comparison. Still we may say Rubens is master,

and he is not lessened by the glory of his courtiers, but made more world-wonderful a hundredfold. In his work is "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

THE THEATRE

A WORLD SET FREE

BY IVOR BROWN

The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus. By Christopher Marlowe. Played by The Phoenix at the New Oxford Theatre. October 25 and 26.

IN a scene of the revue 'On With the Dance' Mr. Ernest Thesiger impersonates one of those Parisian touting guides who are the oaf's couriers to adventure. These creatures are in a direct line of descent from the Mephistolis of Doctor Faustus. Mr. Thesiger played this part for the Phoenix with a right serpentine venom, while his diabolonian eyebrows and suit of solemn black emphasized his prototypal relation to the furtive wretches of the Avenue de l'Opéra who whine in the ear of new-found freedom, "You com viz me. I show you all ze pleasures." One of the pleasures chosen by Doctor John Faustus, when bravely committed to his primrose path, was to bait the Pope. His Holiness is presented by Marlowe as a guzzler at table from whose lips an invisible Faustus snatches dainty after dainty. After this sport the doctor enjoys himself by administering bastinado to the smaller fry of the Roman Faith. These are puerile larks, but they do more than remind one that 'Faustus' is boyhood's voice in the English theatre. They recall the fact, often forgotten at a time when it is fashionable to drop a sentimental tear over the Reformation, that the Elizabethan drama, which was killed by the Puritan, was also made by the freedom of the protesting spirit. I think it no exaggeration to say that, without the revolt against Rome, Shakespeare might have stayed at Stratford; for Hamlet is the fruit of a mental world set free, as Faustus is the bud.

Faustus gave Marlowe just the right fuel for his kindling brain. In the great liberation of mind that followed the Reformation, adventure inflamed the drowsy human spirit that had been lulled by the mandragora of medievalism. The new passion might dictate the obvious adventure of going over the seas and far away, or the even more tremendous challenge of setting the atom against the universe and the soul against the heights of heaven. If Drake could sing the beard of the King of Spain, could not Faustus pluck Jehovah by the forelock and set the new-found power of the human mind against the stale tyrannies of authority? Here was a theme that touched young Marlowe to the quick. A new Prometheus filled his imagination, bringing to mankind not fire of twigs and coals, but fire of thought and leaping flame of fancy. So the dramatist went roaming into rebellious rhetoric:

O what a world of profite and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the Studious Artizan?
All things that moue betweene the quiet Poles
Shall be at my command; Emperors and Kings,
Are but obey'd in their seuerall Provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as farre as doth the mind of man;
A sound Magitian is a Demi-god,
Here tire my braines to get a Deity.

But Marlowe could not play the scholar-atheist with too frank a face. The public was not ready for so open a declaration. The tale of Faustus had to be "a morality"; the bonfires of hell had to out-blaze the crackling flames of the insurgent mind. Faustus had to go to his sulphurous end. That was what the public wanted, quite as much as it wanted to see buffooneries at the Vatican high-table and the hearty flogging of priestly backs. But did Marlowe believe a word of it? I cannot think so. This is a double-faced play in exactly the same way that the drama of Euripides puts a mask over the ironic and sceptical face beneath. Both men had to work within a code of thought which they despised, and both men showed it. It is impossible to watch the history of Dr. Faustus without sharing Marlowe's ecstatic delight in the audacities of the Studious Artizan. If Marlowe had believed in heaven, he would have thought it all too poor a guerdon for such a warrior of the mind.

Test this play by the ordinary measuring-rod of dramatic values and it fails as often as it succeeds. Mephistophelis is a secondary character of some quality, the others are all passers-by. The thing is episodic, fragmentary, and its horse-play is far nearer to Gammer Gurton than to Falstaff. But the true test of it is in its poetical presentation of a spiritual landscape—the view, in short, that the University Wits saw through college windows and later through the glasses of the tavern; and here it is magnificent. The black night of spiritual domination is over and the dawn comes up like thunder. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive and, more particularly, to cry against high heaven, "I hold there is no sin but ignorance."

The march of Faustus from desk to damnation makes an interesting journey for the producer. Marlowe wrote long before the triumph of the Masque on the English stage, but there are several scenes in the play which offer decorative opportunities. The parade of the Seven Deadly Sins was particularly well written by Marlowe, and was particularly well contrived by Mr. Allan Wade. Among these phantoms Miss Beatrice Wilson as Covetousness was especially vivid, and Mr. Bruce Winston as Gluttony used all his weight. In staging the goblins a producer can draw upon the medieval bestiaries for the gargoyle of the animal creation. But the beginning and the end of the acting must be with Faustus himself. Mr. Ion Swinley had studied the part carefully and warmed himself in the roseate raptures of the secular learning and the new audacity. I had great difficulty in hearing the early scenes owing to the abominable manners of the chosen spirits who attend these performances and announce the fact by coming in as late and as noisily as possible. None the less, I was conscious always of Mr. Swinley's fine response to the exaltation of the Doctor's soaring mind and to the far-flung sweep of his ambition. The final agonies of the damned soul moved Marlowe to the noblest cultivation of empurpled speech, and Mr. Swinley, though by nature an intellectual rather than a flamboyant actor, achieved the purple mood of ecstasy and eloquence. His devoted apprenticeship to the great Elizabethan rôles has extended

his range of voice and deepened his cadences. Few of our actors can bombast out a swollen line to better purpose, or more sweetly breathe a honeyed one.

MUSIC

A PLEA FOR CHEERFULNESS

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

THE past fortnight has been singularly empty of music that seemed to demand being written about. Tchernepin's portentous 'Symphoniette' is not worth spilling ink, and I can only express astonishment at the possibility of such a work being selected for public performance. Nor did Stravinsky's 'Pulcinella' Suite arouse in me the itch to write; I liked Pergolesi well enough, but Stravinsky's rude noises on the trombones are surely rather *vieux jeu*. There was, I must add in justice, a lovely slow movement which proved that Stravinsky can still conjure up beauty at times. Of course, there have been, apart from the concerts at which these works were played, at least fifty recitals, but of most of those I have attended nothing remains for record. No, the most important event of the fortnight has been the appearance of a book by Mr. Francis Toye.* I may note, for the benefit of those Englishmen who insist on giving a foreign pronunciation to proper names on the slightest provocation—for instance, they will pronounce the Chenil Galleries *chenille*, as if they were made of some kind of wool-work—that the "e" in Mr. Toye's name is emphatically mute. This may seem a trivial irrelevance. But it is just the class of persons who are so much cleverer than the rest as to call him Toyé, that this author is out to scarify.

Mr. Toye is a lover of Sullivan, and that fact is the bias on his bowl. I am not suggesting that his bowl does not, at the end, come to rest very close to the jack. But there is that *détour*. It means that he must demolish the difference which exists in the mind of the plain man, I use Mr. Toye's word, between light and serious music, between Sacred and Profane. This housebreaking is carried out with infinite wit and a wealth of amusing illustration. The result is a pile of rubble in which Handel's *Largo* (an operatic air), and the Old Hundredth (a bawdy French song) are mixed up with Gounod's 'Redemption' and 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' Mr. Toye subscribes, at the outset, to Rossini's dictum that there are only two kinds of music—good and bad.

This is well enough. But when it comes to putting into one category, that of "light music," such a variety of things as 'Die Meistersinger,' 'Oh, Listen to the Band,' Richard's 'Der Rosenkavalier' and Johann's 'Tausend und eine Nacht,' 'Figaro' and 'The Rhapsody in Blue,' I begin to feel rising within me all that which Mr. Toye would call my native priggishness. On turning the matter over in my mind, it appears that Mr. Toye has left out of his equation one essential factor. Had he called his two categories, not light and serious, but Comedy and Tragedy,

I think he would have avoided such a rag-bag mixture of values. For what lifts 'Die Meistersinger,' 'Figaro' and 'Der Rosenkavalier' above 'No, No, Nanette' and even 'The Chocolate Soldier,' is the presence of the same quality which makes 'The Tempest' and 'Twelfth Night' and 'The Way of the World' greater than 'Tons of Money' or 'The Private Secretary.' It is the difference between Comedy and Farce. And this difference lies essentially not in the superior literary or musical skill put into the one class, nor in the greater sincerity, if it exists, of the authors, but rather in the ideas which inspired them. In all those comedies of Wagner, Strauss, Mozart, Shakespeare and Congreve, the thing which gives them their highest appeal is the presence of a serious element which is as profoundly moving as the emotions of tragedy. It may, as in the disillusionment of the Marschallin, move us more to tears than to laughter, and it never arouses the mere guffaw of farce.

I have been led away from the main thesis of Mr. Toye's book, which amounts in the sum to a plea for cheerfulness. He is the enemy of pretentious humbug and all the mystery-mongering which surrounds the art of music. Altogether this is the sanest book of its kind—and it touches upon every side of musical activity—which has come my way. As practical politics, the most useful chapter is that which deals with opera in England. Mr. Toye lets a draught of fresh air through that over-heated chamber. His contention that we ought to devote ourselves to the production of light opera, which has been historically the only form in which we have excelled at all, is hardly disputable. Let us leave grand opera, for the present, to foreign visitors.

THE CHAOS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

III—ADVANTAGES, DISADVANTAGES & DIFFICULTIES OF SMALL-HOLDINGS

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

IN an earlier article of this series it was decided that one of the most useful lessons that other countries, similarly situated, have to teach us is that of the establishment of an independent peasantry upon the land—in other words, an efficient small-holding system. The Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation, whose report was accepted as being one of the most impartial and clear-headed reports on our agriculture that has been made, stated:

It is a striking fact that the countries which have had most experience of the small family farm system, so far from receding from the system, have been, even before the war, and still more markedly since, engaged in a policy of increasing the number of these holdings and improving the general system of community organization in their support. . . . The preponderance of the small farm is increasing, and the movement in its favour is strengthened by the evidence that the "family farm" is weathering the difficult economic conditions of the times.

Apart from particular difficulties, there are two general objections that may be raised against small-holdings. First, that a rural policy so drastic as to be almost revolutionary is called for (we have proved that tinkering with the question is useless), and there is the risk that the whole attempt might prove a gigantic failure, involving the State in great financial loss, and putting back the clock of rural progress a couple of generations. The second is that small-holding is not likely

* 'The Well-Tempered Musician.' By Francis Toye. Methuen. 5s. net.

materially to increase our supply of corn for human consumption, for this is more economically done on a big scale, and so we are still left with the menace of starvation in the event of another great war. Incidentally, it is customary for opponents of the movement to urge that small-holding only succeeds abroad through "sweated labour," insinuating that the English peasant would never so exert himself.

The reply to the first objection is that rural affairs are in such a bad way that nothing short of drastic action can right them; that if "revolution" is not led from above, it may eventually be pushed forward from below in a far less desirable form. Also, we have yet to learn what there is peculiar to England that makes successful small-holding impossible, given proper organization, and the precedents we have before us reduce the risk of failure very considerably. In regard to the second objection, i.e., that it will not increase our bread supply, it is only too plain that the present system is giving us every year less and less bread, and, short of a subsidy, the farmers say, it is not likely to be increased. But we have a healthy dislike of subsidies, rightly holding that they only "dope" the evil and do not remove it, and, as British farmers know only too well, subsidies are far too easily removed by Governments to afford any real sense of security. It surely should not be beyond the wit of man to devise a storage system for wheat against a war-shortage, and if small-holding is to increase our supply of home-grown food generally, it must be all to the good, from the war-time point of view. Further, we have seen that intensive farming does involve intensive corn-growing, and even if it is normally grown chiefly for stock there is no reason why it should not be diverted to human consumption in a dire emergency. In any case, we cannot afford to stultify the whole rural life of our country by living in dread of a shadow which may never materialize.

The insinuation that small-holders abroad only endure by suffering conditions which we would not tolerate, has little connexion with the truth, save in the sense of being a direct inversion of it. It is they who would not tolerate the existence of an English farm labourer who puts in his fifty-two hours a week for a mere pittance; who then, if it is still light, goes home and digs his allotment till dark; who lives a life of toil unilluminated by any prospect of advancement, reaching, maybe, the summit of his earning powers—40s. or so per week—at the age of one-and-twenty. And have we not our small-holders already, who face greater hardships, from the lack of organization, than their fellows abroad, and yet stay on? Actually we have more than we can find land for. Moreover, Sir Rider Haggard and other more recent visitors to countries where small-holdings flourish have brought back reports exactly opposite to the gloomy forebodings of the pessimists. Against these objections many advantages, social and economic, can be set in favour of small-holdings, and by small-holdings is meant anything up to 100 acres. If proper organization (which will be dealt with later) may be assumed, they result in higher production per acre than our land, on an average, at present yields; they would greatly lessen the burden of unemployment (although no one in his senses would imagine that this means taking the unemployed and dumping them on the land in lumps); they would bring money into the countryside to the benefit of rural and provincial tradesmen and artisans of all varieties, who would thus increase also; they would keep large sums of money in the country that are now being sent abroad to buy food; and they would bring additional income to the national and county exchequers.

Sir Charles Fielding* has said that there is room for another 2,000,000 men and their families on the land, and even if this were divided by four, the result would

be worth trying for. We send abroad annually £340,000,000 for food that could be grown here, and the following table, quoted in 'The Land and the Nation,' shows how every acre of holdings between 25 and 100 acres shows higher output and higher net profit than those over this amount:

DANISH RESULTS

Acres. Size of holding.	Capital invested per acre.	Output per acre.	Cost of upkeep per acre.	Net Balance per acre.	Normal Int. on capital invested per acre.	Balance per acre after allowing for normal interest on capital.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Under 25	55 10 0	30 1 0	17 10 0	2 11 0	3 15 0	0 4 0
25-50	45 18 0	15 4 0	11 15 0	3 8 0	3 5 0	1 3 0
50-75	46 2 0	15 3 0	11 10 0	3 13 0	3 6 0	1 7 0
75-100	44 4 0	13 18 0	10 4 0	3 14 0	3 4 0	1 10 0
100-250	39 18 0	12 8 0	9 5 0	3 3 0	3 0 0	1 3 0
Over 250	39 17 0	12 4 0	9 4 0	3 0 0	3 0 0	1 0 0

On the social side, small-holdings would fulfil the increasing desire of the poorer agriculturists to work land of their own. It is one of the natural and healthy results of improved education that men should ask for greater responsibilities, more opportunities of standing on their own feet and fighting their way forward by their own independent efforts. One of the strongest barriers imaginable against Socialism and Communism would be set up, and the villages would "find themselves," become live communities of hope, optimism and progress if their inhabitants were given this outlet for self-expression and ambition. It is no use trying to plaster them with the wrong kind of education, or with jejune revivals of obsolete customs such as folk-songs and morris dancing, no use offering them the sop of another half-crown a week. They want the opportunity of developing themselves, and until they have this they will remain the black holes of despair and dispirited work grudgingly given that they are to-day.

It is queer that farmers, as a class, should be so strongly opposed to such a step. Surely they must see that they are the eventual losers by the best men being driven from the land; that sooner or later a labour shortage is inevitable if things go on as they are. Would they not prefer labourers alive and ambitious, eager to get on, work and save money, learn everything they can and become as skilled as possible against the day when they will be able to put their feet upon the first rung of the ladder, in the shape of a holding of a few acres which is the preliminary to a larger?

Much is being said just now of The Land Settlement Act, which is entailing to the Exchequer an annual loss of some £800,000, but we hear less of The Small-holdings Act of 1908, in which no substantial loss has been incurred, although over £5,000,000 of public money was advanced to convert 200,000 acres into small-holdings. The Land Settlement Act was introduced when the value of land was inflated, when high prices ruled in the building trade, and in many instances houses far too pretentious for a small-holder at the beginning of his career to support were constructed. Nevertheless, the fact remains that our existing small-holders have not prospered, generally speaking, as they should, and the reason seems to be that we have never yet attempted to go to the roots of the agricultural problem and tackle it as a national problem. We have set agriculturists down upon the land under-capitalized, over-rented, unorganized, with little or no education to fit them for their calling, and no means of improving what education, technical or general, they have. Here are the chief difficulties in the way of successful small-holding, and indeed of all branches of the industry, and these are the points upon which a forward policy for agriculture must pivot. I propose to review them in their bearing upon both the small-holder and the larger farmer.

* 'Food.' By Sir Charles Fielding. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.

ART AND THE KINEMA

WHATEVER the ultimate results, the establishment of the Film Society is a timely venture. The kinema as a potentially artistic thing is at the parting of the ways. The Society made its bow at the New Gallery on Sunday afternoon last with a programme that looked both backward and forward. Its two resurrections were, first, a thirteen year old Essany American film entitled 'How Broncho Billy Left Bear County,' of which it is sufficient to say that it proved how greatly even the American wild west film has improved since 1912; and second, the Essany film 'Champion Charlie,' which served to remind us how vastly Mr. Chaplin has advanced in his art since 1916.

The German film 'Waxworks' probably stands for the best work being done in that country at the present moment. It has all the faults and all the excellencies characteristic of recent German films. Photographically it is good; the grouping throughout is effective, and the lighting effects are such as no other country can at present even attempt. Architecturally, too, it left nothing to be desired. Mr. Emil Jannings as Haroun-al-Raschid gave a performance that made one long to see him as Falstaff. It was full of sly, unctuous humour. Although very good as Ivan the Terrible, Mr. Conrad Veidt was not so interesting or convincing as Mr. Jannings, partly because Mr. Galeen, the scenario writer, had not served him so well. The chief fault of the film is that it is too long. It is to be hoped that the Film Society is not going to refuse to cut dull passages in any film. If nearly all American films are too fast, nearly all German ones are too slow; the suspense periods are unduly prolonged, and often the action is hung up in order that the photographer—in this instance Mr. Helmar Lerski—may show what he can do. On the kinema as on the stage the story is everything, and all embellishments must be rigidly subordinated to it. The story of 'Waxworks' is straggling and negligible, quite unworthy of the acting and the producing.

By far the most exciting item in an interesting programme was the first. Described as an 'Absolute' film, it consisted of three studies in pattern by Mr. Walter Ruttmann, an engraver and lithographer of Munich. They were dated 1923, 1924 and 1925, and the last was the least convincing. The two earlier ones made a profound impression. They had grace, subtlety and power, and suggested endless possibilities in a direction hitherto neglected. They convey emotion by a series of moving patterns. Their power to do so is undeniable, and further experiments by Mr. Ruttmann will be eagerly welcomed in this country. In the short film dated 1925 he seems to have succumbed to a temptation to exhibit his marvellous technical skill at the expense of clarity. It is significant that Mr. Ruttmann, who was present, desired that his studies should be shown in silence. The problem of combining music and pictures has not been solved—even by the Kinema Society, as the remainder of the programme proved.

It is sad to have to record that the only English film on the programme was a dismal failure. Mr. Adrian Brunel, who produced it for the Gainsborough Pictures, Limited, must try again. Supposed to be a skit on the Topical Budgets of the ordinary programme, it was thin and unconvincing.

D. C.-H.

Subscribers to the SATURDAY REVIEW who are contemplating a temporary change of address should notify the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

IS ENGLAND OVERDONE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Surely "A Member of the Society of St. George" distresses himself needlessly. It is true that at their national gatherings Scotsmen are wont to refer (with legitimate pride) to the achievements of their race, just as Englishmen do at the gatherings of the Society of St. George; it is true that Scotsmen enjoy having a little dig occasionally at the reputed inferior intelligence of the English, just as Englishmen enjoy having a little dig occasionally at the reputed attachment of the Scot to his "sillar"; and nobody with a sense of humour minds a joke against himself. But it is unfortunately true that there are Scots, as there are English, who carry a joke beyond a joke, by telling it not for its humour, but in order to belittle its subject. That sort of thing hurts nobody but the man who perpetuates it. The Scots "booster" is just as objectionable in the eyes of the average decent Scot as a certain type of blustering, self-assertive Englishman one meets on the Continent is to the average decent Englishman. Each is a type, but neither, mercifully, is the type, though because they make a loud noise they are liable to be taken as such by casual observers.

Your correspondent's amazing statement that in the Great War Scots officials and Scots journalists "did their best" to suppress the valiant deeds of English regiments is ungenerous and unjust. This, unfortunately, is a question of fact that anyone may verify for himself.

National societies like those of St. Andrew and St. George, rightly used, are stimulating and helpful, and a certain amount of friendly rivalry and leg-pulling is amusing and tonic; but for Heaven's sake let us avoid acrimony. English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh—all have made a distinctive contribution to our common civilization, and even if we should fall into political disunion to-morrow, we are forever bound by a tie that no government can make or un-make—a common literature which we may fairly claim to be the greatest literature of the modern world. The song-writers of Scotland, the dramatists of Ireland, the great poet-philosophers of England, and last but not least, the genius of Wales that has leavened the Anglo-Saxon lump—all these share in the great Anglo-Celtic heritage that bears the proud name of English Literature.

I am, etc.,

F. MARIAN McNEILL

London Highland Club

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Lord Arran suggests that there should be no reform of the House of Lords before the electors are consulted. Surely it is not difficult to answer this contention. I presume he means that at the General Election of December, 1910, the electors gave their consent to the Parliament Act and that, therefore, it should not be amended or the House of Lords reformed without another special appeal to them. The answer is that if the electors in December, 1910, gave

their approval to anything, it was to the whole Liberal policy for the readjustment of the relations between the two Houses and for the reform of the House of Lords.

The Parliament Act itself was not ever described as the final word in the readjustment of the relations between the two Houses, and the necessity for the reform of the House of Lords was constantly affirmed. The Parliament Act itself was assuredly a temporary makeshift, a stepping stone, a fact which will be gathered from the speeches of Lord Oxford and the other leaders and also from the Preamble of the Parliament Act itself. Indeed, at every stage since, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law in their manifesto of 1918, Mr. Bonar Law when he became leader, Mr. Baldwin in his manifesto 'Looking Ahead' before the General Election of 1924, and in his speech at Perth in October, 1924, during the election, have each in turn pledged themselves to complete the work which was only begun in the Parliament Act.

What is now urged, therefore, is that this Parliament should as soon as possible complete the policy of which (according to Lord Arran's view) the electors expressed their approval in the General Election of December, 1918, and of which they have been continuously reminded at the General Elections of 1918, 1922 and 1924, at each of which elections they returned to power the statesmen who said that they intended to complete it. None of the Liberal leaders has, so far as I know, gone back on what was said in 1910, and all are still bound by these pledges. The General Election of 1923 was of course fought on the issue of Protection alone.

I am, etc.,

CHARLES WATNEY

Courtfield Road, S.W.7

THE DANGER OF IDOLS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In an article in your issue of October 24, 'The Danger of Idols,' Mr. Gerald Gould covers me with so many flowers that I feel diffident in saying that he has misrepresented my attitude both to Conrad and his critics. Mr. Gould states that Mr. Garnett:

has set up an idol in his mind. He has confused the fallible genius of artists such as Conrad or Turgenev with the august infallibility of art itself. He has assumed that to find fault with Conrad is to do wrong to art.

Mr. Gould is in error. On the contrary, when Conrad asked my judgment on the first three chapters of 'Suspense' in MS., I criticized Chapter I severely, just as in 1895, when he sent me the concluding portion of 'An Outcast of the Islands,' I criticized the closing scene severely. And in both cases Conrad endeavoured to meet my criticisms. And why should I deny Mr. P. C. Kennedy or anybody else the right to criticize Conrad's works when I exercised that right myself publicly and privately for thirty years? though I own that I wrote chiefly as a propagandist of his merits during the first twenty years he was struggling against the British public's indifference to his genius. No, what I challenged and derided in Mr. P. C. Kennedy's review of 'Suspense' in the *New Statesman*, of September 26, was the statement:

I am frankly convinced that if 'Suspense' had been the work of an unknown man, it would not have suggested to most people that it was by an author of genius at all. . . . 'Suspense' does not come to life at all.

This statement, in my judgment, showed great insensibility to the artistic qualities of 'Suspense,' and in my own review in the *Weekly Westminster* of October 10, I proceeded to point them out as evidence of Conrad's mastery and depth and breadth of vision. Now the young Russian critics who belittled Turgenev's masterpieces 'Fathers and Children' and 'Smoke' did not comprehend or value their artistic beauties.

That is why I compared Mr. P. C. Kennedy's critical insensibility with theirs. In the sentences Mr. Gould quotes against me I simply drew a parallel, and did not intend them, of course, as a logical proof of either Turgenev's or Conrad's æsthetic merits.

The fact that the public's and the critic's valuations of the masters go up and down like the mercury in a barometer is not surprising to critics of long experience. I see that Mr. Agate takes a fellow dramatic critic to task last week for writing: "Chekhov as a dramatist was a faker, and it is high time that someone called his bluff . . . there is no blood, no life, no truth in 'The Seagull.'" But if Mr. Agate will cast his eyes on a little article I wrote in 1914 in the *New Weekly* on 'Russian Drama,' he will find that almost all the dramatic critics, or their successors, who are now falling over themselves in their desire to acclaim Chekhov the dramatist, were then busily engaged in writing down 'The Cherry Orchard' as most eccentric, negligible stuff or worse. I do not, indeed, expect to find myself accused later on by some future critic of "Chekhov idolatry," as Mr. Gould has accused me, in his flattering way, of "Conrad idolatry"; but that is only because I shall be dead when the tide of acclamation turns, leaving one's recorded opinion in the place where it was before the tide rose.

I am, etc.,

EDWARD GARNETT

Chelsea

THE POPULATION PROBLEM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Allow me to say that while I admire your reviewer's handling of my book, 'The Peril of the White,' I think it odd that he should imagine that he differs from me in emphasizing the importance of the quality of white civilization and culture. The final section of my book is entitled, 'The Quality of Leadership,' and its keynote is that "the white races will continue to lead if they prove themselves worthy to lead and not otherwise." Incidentally, my pages make some observations on this head which were significantly echoed by an Indian speaker at the recent Church Congress. I tried to imagine what such a man must think; the Indian delegate showed how accurately I had interpreted his thoughts.

But quantity as well as quality is at issue, and the challenge is to both. As to quantity, the new aspect is that the white has shown how numbers may be employed even while himself taking the road to actual and not merely relative decline.

Your reviewer also makes the point that the immigration into "new" countries is probably governed by the economic factor, but this is most clearly dealt with in my pages. It is true that Australia has not the economic pull of the United States, but her tiny population, a danger to herself and to the world, is unworthy of her splendid resources; it is the consequence of a mistaken policy of exclusiveness.

I am, etc.,

LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

Royal Societies Club

AMERICA ALONE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your issue of October 24 appears an article, 'An American on Debts,' containing the statement: "America alone made a victory whereby Germany's foes could hold their own and finally win out." Even if it be true that "Germany's foes" would have been defeated without American help, this is not to say that America alone "made a victory." The victory was "made" by the work of the Americans *plus* the work of "Germany's foes," begun before America came into the war and continued up to the end after

she had come. The American assumption that the latest comer is entitled to the whole of the credit for the attainment of the desired end, no recognition made of the work of anyone else, reminds me of a certain dentist. He brings on to a platform, in sight of everyone, the man who wishes to have his tooth drawn, and, seizing with his pincers the evil member, gives a terrific tug. A roar. "Yes," he says, "that's Brown's way." Another tug and another roar. "That's Jones's way." The tooth is now loose so that the third tug brings it out easily: "That's my way."

I am, etc.,
"AUNTY BRAGG"

"CHUCK IT, SMITH"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In reply to "P. D. S.," I was quite aware that he was only quoting Sir Mark Sykes's opinion of Mr. F. E. Smith, but felt, and still feel, that, having taken his quotation from a book by Mr. Shane Leslie, it would have been more honest to have given also the comment of the author of the book. And if Mr. Leslie's compliment to Lord Birkenhead is really quite so ambiguous as "P. D. S." would have us suppose, it is all the more surprising that he should have failed to mention it.

Nor do I believe that all your readers will agree with the opinion of "P. D. S." that Mr. Shane Leslie's prophecy that Sir Mark Sykes, had he lived longer, would have revised his opinion of Lord Birkenhead, is at all "rash." Careful readers of 'The Life and Letters of Sir Mark Sykes' must perceive that there is everything in common between the Tory Democratic spirit of Mark Sykes and the public policy advocated by Lord Birkenhead during the last few years.

I am, etc.,
THOMAS HOPE FLOYD

Holcombe, near Manchester

EUROPE AND THE RIFFS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. G. E. Hecht, in your issue of October 3, says:

The Great War warranted an appeal for peace from Rome, but only those like your correspondent [N.B.—This being myself], who are out to attack the Vatican on every possible pretext, however futile, would suggest that the present situation in Morocco calls for the intervention of the Pope.

In other words, what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander—a differentiation for which Mr. Hecht adduces no sort of justification. His letter is, in fact, an epistolary embodiment of just that attitude which La Rochefoucauld was apostrophizing in the aphorism I quoted in my last communication.

This is all I shall say at present, for I am resting in an out of the way country parish (I am staying with the Catholic rector) where books and papers are not readily accessible.

I am, etc.,
"TOURNEBROCHE"

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED. S.R.]

A QUIETEST DRAMA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am at fault for only half stating the matter in my first letter. It was in my mind to hear what Mr. Ivor Brown had to say on the progress of a quietest drama, especially as the medium for giving to our stage a much needed quality. I refer, of course, to that spiritual significance and consolation which is so sadly absent from most of our drama, and not too apparent in post-war Europe. Matters of the spirit are usually quiet, hence my suggestion that in a progress from Chekhov may be found the means to serve a purpose even higher than the apt expression of English self-restraint—an artistry which, in competent hands,

may oust "Expressionism" where it seems most strong. England has had her prophets in the past. Perhaps it suffices to leave this large matter for the moment with the hope that the plays mentioned by Mr. Brown are so many encouraging milestones along a road whose end is not yet in sight.

I am, etc.,
F. J. DAWSON

London, W.

IS THE ENGLISH THEATRE DONE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The point on which I am courteously challenged by Mr. Desmond Trench certainly needs explanation, but I will be as brief as possible. Because I was stating a case for the presentation of a national vaudeville in England on the lines of the *Chauve Souris*, I am not surely under any obligation to praise any and every performance that has an inclination in this direction. The Theatre of the Cave of Harmony, to which he refers, gave, if I remember rightly, a single performance including a fair range of somewhat exotic turns. Mr. Trench calls it a purely English affair and the players no doubt were all English. I have not a programme by my side, but unless my memory deceives me, two of the longer items were a play by Signor Pirandello and a burlesque of the more flamboyant Italian acting. When English folk-songs were sung they were treated more as a quaint joke than as things of beauty, and I seem to remember that the lovely song, 'Summer is a-coming in,' was garnished with ridiculous antics. I do not think that a national English vaudeville should be either a set of high-brow larks or an imitation of the *Chauve Souris*. Merely to mimic the foreign idiom would be fatal. England has produced its own type of melody and mummery, and this type should be treated with respect. The Cave of Harmony performance may have been excellent as an entertainment given by a clique and for a clique, but it was too precious to have the broad attraction at which national vaudeville should aim.

I am, etc.,
IVOR BROWN

ADVERTISING THE REDS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Some of our daily newspapers are performing nothing short of a national disservice by devoting so much prominent space to matters concerning Communism. Every loyalist is fully alive to the dangers of extreme Socialism, and such exaggerated publicity as has been given, for instance, to the recent arrest of certain "Red" leaders, and to the subsequent police-court proceedings, is not only unnecessary but defeats its object by providing the Communist movement with first-class advertisement (*gratis*), and with a "proof," of which the "Reds" will not be slow to take advantage, of the importance of the movement in the eyes of the "Capitalist class," and—this for propaganda in foreign countries—of the tremendous strides which Communism is making in Great Britain!

I am, etc.,
G. E. HECHT

4 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.8

PHYSIOLOGICAL TESTS BY PROXY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—On the ground that "it has not been established that the exiguous quantity of boric acid added to butter and cream as a preservative is prejudicial to the public health; and of economic disadvantages which they say would result from including it in the Public Health (Preservatives, etc., in Food) Regulations, as published in draft, the National Farmers'

1925

most
past.
or the
ed by
along

GON

chal-
is ex-
cause
tional
ouris,
y and
this
ny, to
single
exotic
affair
have
emory
ay by
flam-
s were
than
at the
nished
tional
-brow
Merely
ngland
mery,
The
excel-
for a
broad
im.

OWN

orming
ing so
Com-
angers
blicity
rest of
police-
defeats
t with
roof,"
advan-
e eyes
nda in
which

ECHT

estab-
added
cial to
ntages
in the
egula-
rmers'

The Saturday Review, October 31, 1925.



Dramatis Personæ. No 175.

By 'Quiz.'

MISS REBECCA WEST

Union has made the proposal to the Ministry of Health:

"That the Ministry of Agriculture should be invited to cause experiments to be made at the Animal Research Institution over a period of not less than twelve months for the purpose of securing definite data of the effects of boric acid administered in small quantities."

"I agree," says Mr. Rowland R. Robbins, President of the N.F.U., in a letter in *The Times* of September 12, "with Professor Armstrong that:—The proper attitude to adopt is that of entire suspension of judgment until a full scientific inquiry has been made."

The regulations do not come into force until January 1, 1927, and those affecting butter, cream and bacon at a later date.

The idea that by twelve months' experiments on animals it would be possible to secure definite data on the effects of boric acid administered in small quantities in human beings, is a wholly mistaken one, as it is based on a false analogy, namely, the deductive application of conclusions drawn from systems between which and the human there is no common measure of physiological commensurability. To conclude deductively from animals to humans is testing physiologically by proxy, and therefore saliently misleading, as witness the following testimony of the animal experimenters themselves in the *Lancet*, March 1, 1924:

Albino rabbits and mice are able to withstand without apparent harm an amount of the same preparation of insulin, which proved rapidly fatal to naturally coloured and piebald animals of a similar weight, whereas black rabbits and mice quickly succumbed to a dose from which naturally coloured and piebald animals recovered.

The writers add:

Apart from their theoretical interest, these observations are of considerable importance, seeing that the present method of standardising insulin is based upon its physiological effects upon rabbits and mice.

Such phenomena show clearly that the temperamental differences between animals of the same species and weight are so great that deductive conclusions from one to the other may be lethal.

Further, it is not in by any means small quantities that it is used as a preservative in foods, 35 per cent. having been named as the customary proportion added to fresh butter.

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health, states that "Boric acid in large doses may cause death. He argues that its effects are cumulative, that like arsenic it is retained in the system and cannot be assumed to be free from objection in minute quantities."

The life and health of a nation it should be the first aim of its Government to promote. To that end all other considerations should be subsidiary.

I am, etc.,

M. L. JOHNSON

6 The Polygon, Clifton, Bristol

VIN GRIS: VIN ROSE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In a discussion carried on some time ago in *Notes and Queries* (April 25—June 6, 1908), it transpired that the wine known in France as *vin gris* was so called because it consisted of a mixture of four parts white to one part red wine, the word "gris," grey, a combination of black and white, here doing duty as "pink," which is composed of red and white; so too in *gris de lin*, white and pearly flax.

Last month in Paris I tasted two kinds of *vin gris* at a café on the Place de l'Opéra, though it is mostly sold at small shops, the lighter rose variety being very "ordinaire" and acid, while the *foncé* one was of better quality. *Vin gris* comes in with the first vintages about September when the wine has undergone little

or no fermentation. I have found it most abundant at Metz, but it is produced in other provinces beside Lorraine, viz., Languedoc, Provence and along the river Loire. From the following extract from the *Matin*, of August 11, it will be seen that the vinegrowers of the Moselle are taking action to restrict the use of the appellation to the east of France:

Les vignerons mosellans, mécontents de ce que les autres départements et notamment l'Yonne, donnent à leur vin rosé le nom de vin gris, vont le 13 août, participer à un meeting de protestation organisé à Nancy par la Société de viticulture lorraine.

Des démarches seraient faites auprès du ministre de l'agriculture, afin que cette dénomination de "vin gris" soit réservée uniquement aux vins lorrains.

Vin rosé, which is said to be produced in Champagne, I found obtainable at several restaurants. It is of a pale red colour and appears to have a better *cachet* than the ordinary red and white wines one gets in France.

I am, etc.,

N. W. H.

POEM

BY ELIZABETH BIBESCO

THE sun is hiding in your hair
A Midas rare.

The sky is lurking in your eyes
As a surprise.

But what is in your heart, my dear?

If every hope is spun of fear

And each delight is called despair

By those who think and those who dare—

What good to you is blue and gold,

A love unlit, a tale untold,

A dream undreamt that tries to keep

Secure within a fort of sleep?

What though your gleaming hairs be spun

Out of the fabric of the sun?

What if the gentians in your eyes

Are stolen from the deepest skies?

The sun must set, its brightness fade

Into a grey decline of shade.

Then, dearest, let it not be said

Your eyes were drowned in tears unshed.

Frightened, you locked your love away

Into the cold and sure decay

Of unloved things, that voiceless die

Without a laugh, without a cry.

Is not all rapture wrought of pain?

Unweeping you rejoice in vain.

There is no smile without a tear,

There is no courage without fear.

Therefore my love if you would live

You first must love and then must give,

You first must dream and then must sleep,

There is no wasting save to keep.

Then when the flowers in your eyes

Fading have shown that beauty dies,

Your gold, forlorn, has turned to grey,

Victorious you still shall say:

"I've known all torment, felt all bliss,

Each burning tear, each icy kiss,

And hopeless hope and fearless fear,

Reason enthroned, thought austere.

Fashioned of folly I am wise,

Out of my joys I've stolen sighs.

Though tears and laughter dim my eyes

I've taught the setting sun to rise.

Though life be tired and love be old,

My dream is dreamt, my tale is told."

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

PRIDE of place goes this week to Mr. E. T. Raymond's 'Disraeli' (Hodder and Stoughton, 18s. net). Its sub-title, 'The Alien Patriot,' presumably gives an indication of the special point of view from which Mr. Raymond has approached his subject. Beyond saying that the merest glance shows this writer to be in full possession of his critical faculty, we must refrain from anticipation of the full notice the book will soon receive in these pages.

Another important biography is Mr. John Drinkwater's 'The Pilgrim of Eternity' (Hodder and Stoughton, 18s. net), in which he has considered anew the problem presented by Byron. Of Byron, except by way of paradox, there is nothing new to be said, but the man will continue to occupy the attention of biographers and to provoke discussion. He was so much of a man, and so much of an Englishman, that interest in him can never weaken, whereas a really respectful interest in his verse as a whole must be almost confined to those foreign readers who can feel his merits but not the fatal weakness of his serious verse as verse.

In 'Experiments' (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d. net), Mr. Norman Douglas gives as a miscellany the contents of which include a review of Doughty's great book of Arabian travel, an essay on Poe, and a long plea for better literary manners with special reference to Mr. D. H. Lawrence's treatment of the character who figured in 'Memoirs of a Private in the Foreign Legion.' The book, on a first view, seems rather scrappy, but we have already come on some passages that will please those who like the peculiar flavour of Mr. Norman Douglas's early prose.

'Coleridge at Highgate' (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net), by Lucy Eleanor Watson, has real value. The author, a granddaughter of the physician with whom Coleridge took refuge at Highgate, had from her grand-mother a good deal of information which, though perhaps here and there amiably prejudiced, certainly corrects the impression other writers have given of Coleridge's weakness. We learn here the severity of the heart-trouble with which Coleridge had to contend, and we are made aware of his occasional capacity for self-control. The letter to his new friend, warning him of the poet's inability to keep away from the drug that at once relieved and ruined him, is intensely pathetic.

'Sea-Wake and Jungle Trail' (Murray, 16s. net) is by Mr. H. Warrington Smyth, who has some skill with pencil and with pen, and who seems to have much good material to draw upon.

'The Reforging of Russia' (Witherby, 12s. 6d. net) should contribute to public understanding of how and why the Soviet Government has survived as long as it has. The author was resident representative of the United Press, until deported in revenge for his candid criticism.

'From Hall-Boy to House-Steward' (Arnold, 10s. 6d. net) offers us the reminiscences of Mr. W. Lanceley, who can head his chapters 'A Baronet's Household,' 'With Lord Roberts in Ireland,' and so forth, and who has anecdotes of many royal and celebrated persons.

The most interesting of this week's reprints are 'Ovid's Elegies' (The Haslewood Books, 12s. 6d. net), in Marlowe's youthful translation, and the pleasant edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works issued by Mr. John Murray at 3s. 6d. net a volume.

Two volumes of fiction deserve notice: Mr. Laurence Housman's 'Odd Pairs' (Cape, 5s. net), which gather together work done between 1895 and 1909, and 'Simonetta Perkins' (Putnam, 7s. 6d. net) by Mr. L. P. Hartley, whose remarkable stories have attracted much attention, though perhaps not all they merit.

REVIEWS

AN APOLOGY TO GENIUS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

Poetry and Criticism. By Edith Sitwell. Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d. net.

MISS SITWELL, it appears, is for ever writing about Poetry and Criticism these days. A few weeks ago she devoted a long article to the subject in the *New York Saturday Review of Literature*. And now, with the assistance of the Hogarth Press, which seems to delight in such solid unpretentious scholarly work, she has brought out a pamphlet on the very same theme, a discourse that, with the help of a large number of mixed quotations, runs to nearly twenty-three pages. Many readers of these articles and this pamphlet may have been puzzled because there does not seem to be in them any attempt to discuss the relations between poetry and criticism, and they may not understand why these things have come into existence at all. Such readers have not grasped what might be called the Sitwellian argument. They do not understand why these studies of poetry and criticism merely consist of some quotations from the familiar adverse criticisms of Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats from the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh Review* and the rest, some side-cuts at Mr. J. C. Squire and Mr. Robert Lynd, and some complimentary, if slightly vague, references to "modernist poetry," simply placed in juxtaposition. It will save Miss Sitwell a great deal of further trouble and put an end to what is, after all, a crying scandal, if I explain the situation.

It is this. Miss Sitwell and her two brothers are doing very well indeed. They have made reputations as poets, satirists, writers on æsthetics, and so forth. Their portraits and photographs are here and there and everywhere. They are mentioned in most of the gossip columns at least once a week. They write on fashions for the literary papers, and write on literature for the fashion papers. Many Mayfair and New York hostesses (those keen students of contemporary literature), young undergraduates and art students recognize in the members of this gifted family the leaders of *les jeunes*, perhaps the most significant figures our modern letters can show. So far, so good. But there are still one or two people here and there, critics they call themselves, who refuse, out of their blind envious rage, to recognize the genius of Miss Sitwell and her friends, who deliberately close their eyes to the supreme qualities of mind and heart, the beauty of wit and depth of thought, the all-conquering imagination, the prophetic power, to be discovered in the Sitwell canon. They pretend to think, these so-called critics, that at its very best this verse is nothing but clumsy bric-à-brac, and below its best, nothing but claptrap. They pretend to see in these startling young geniuses nothing but fifth-rate minor poets who are raising a dust so that nobody will notice how paltry their contribution is, who are so busy with the arts of publicity that they have neither time nor inclination for the art of poetry. That is the position, and it is a scandal. I am not one of these critics, but several of them, I regret to say, are of my acquaintance, and I am going to take this opportunity of apologizing for their obtuseness.

These are the sort of people, as Miss Sitwell points out in her pamphlet, who cannot even appreciate Miss Gertrude Stein, to whom Miss Sitwell devoted a whole article in a recent number of that periodical which, more than any other, knows about the things that matter, which gives us low necks and high brows and all the latest things from Paris that matter, including lingerie and Mr. Raymond Mortimer. Just because Miss Stein "breaks down the pre-destined groups of words" and "then rebrilliantens them," these critics will not appreciate her. I am not sure that some of

them would not deny the beauty of the following passage from Miss Stein, even though Miss Sitwell herself thinks that no one could deny it :

Oh, the bells that are not the same are not stirring and the languid grace is not out of place and the older fur is disappearing. There is not such an end. If it had happened that the little flower was larger and the white colour was deeper and the silent light was darker and the passage was rougher, it would have been as it was and the triumph was in the place where the light was bright and the beauty was not losing having that possession. That was not what was tenderly. This was the piece of the health that was strange when there was the disappearance that had not any origin. . .

The beauty of this passage so excites me that I too feel that I must break down the pre-destined groups of words and re-brighten them. And so I say, out of my heart, to Miss Stein and Sitwell that it is more with me than stranger when it was not the same only deeper and fewer but less in the darkness that was high. And I mean every word of that compliment, which, I trust, will add force to my apology.

And now, having grasped the situation, the more obtuse readers will be able to understand why Miss Sitwell is always quoting those adverse criticisms of Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley. History once more has repeated itself. Wordsworth may have been recognized at once by fashionable hostesses, but the critics condemned him. Keats and Shelley may have been mentioned every day in the gossip columns and had their portraits all over the place, but the critics refused to appreciate them. That is what criticism is doing, keeping us away from our Wordsworths and Shelleys. The sooner criticism is abolished the better. Last year there were probably between fifty and a hundred new poets that criticism either ignored or derided, and they were all, of course, misunderstood geniuses, Wordsworths or Shelleys every one of them. Miss Sitwell, I take it, will be ready to admit all these, and all the other thousand and one poets attacked by the critics, into her Parnassus, because she holds that all poets thus attacked are good ones. She must hold this, because otherwise she would merely mean that critics are sometimes wrong, that they are not infallible, and everybody, including the critics themselves, is aware of this fact and will not pay half-a-crown to have it pointed out to them. Moreover, it would be a weak line of argument with the merely old-fashioned, who would themselves point out that, after all, the critics have been more often right than wrong, have condemned more bad poets than they have good ones. No, it is clear that she takes up the first position, that the critics are always wrong.

But in her next article she might very well drop the Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats parallel in favour of another, for though the likeness between these three poets and herself and her friends is very striking, there are some points of difference in character and situation. But there was a set of poets, who were indisputably the victims of harsh criticism, in existence just before the time of Wordsworth, that might better serve her turn. And the resemblance is really astonishing. These were the so-called Della Cruscan, who first met in Florence and formed a literary coterie. Their enemies described them as a set of well-to-do, travelled dilettanti who lacked good sense and humour and spent their time scribbling ridiculous verses full of strained and frigid imagery, and who by dint of pushing one another and cutting a dash in one or two of the silly fashionable papers of the time, contrived to make themselves heard for a season. That is how criticism described them, and criticism succeeded in killing them so that no one ever reads them now, not even Miss Sitwell. But she and I know that they were not really like that, but were geniuses who broke down things and re-brightened them, and were so bright and beautiful that they aroused the envious rage of the critics. The time has come to rid ourselves of the breed, and I, for one, apologize for ever having had anything to do with them.

BUTLER OF TRINITY

Henry Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1886-1918. A Memoir by his Son, J. R. M. Butler. Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

BUTLER'S Harrow life has already been done. Here is his Trinity career, written by the eldest of those brilliant sons who added so much to the pleasures of his advancing years. A son has some inevitable reticences in criticizing a father. Otherwise, the impression Butler made is well suggested. His choice for Trinity was something of an academic snub, as his previous work had been done elsewhere. He was a strong Churchman, objecting in vain to the sale of an advowson to the notorious Mr. Hooley, and prophesied that "the next Master must be a layman"; he was but chairman of the Council which ran the College, and Tutors did the mild supervision of undergraduates. He did not possess the cold, academic manner. As Henry Sidgwick noted, when he spoke at his installation :

I have no doubt Butler will do all this public representation excellently: and though at first some will think his effusiveness insincere, they will in time come to think otherwise, if they have any discernment of truth and loyalty.

Butler wrote no great or deep work of erudition, and the book shows his modest feelings of deficiency when moving among the erudite. But we recall Goethe's saying, "If you have a great work in your head, nothing else thrives near it." Butler lived a great life, and life is more than literature. His incessant help to others in letters no one else could write so well, and his beautiful memory for a host of friends are rare gifts rightly emphasized in this volume. Coming after Thompson, who was ill, indifferent to college business, and feared for his sarcasm, he practised a princely hospitality, and made the lodge a centre of generous warmth for all sorts of persons. He loved many and was loved in return. He passed through his early difficulties and won the universal regard of the College. He was great on public occasions, though his somnolence was occasionally disconcerting. We have seen him as a chairman sleeping and roused with uneasy starts by the booming voice of a tremendous Bishop. He was the happiest speaker of his time, pouring out as easily as the verbose sayer of nothings the appropriate word and the delightful chaff. His son has not given us enough of this wit, which must, we think, survive in the memories of elder men. We recall a reference to "Lord Halsbury, who does not forget his friends," and another at a dinner to the triumphant batsman "Ranji," adapting Napoleon's rhodomontade of one "looking down from the height of many centuries." Once at a College meeting, Henry Jackson spoke and banged on the table. Butler replied, "I quite see your point, Dr. Jackson, but your physical illustration adds nothing to it."

"Every man," said Jowett, "is as good as another, till he has written a book." In all small and learned societies there is a tendency to revel in home truths and sharp criticisms, to discuss the rotten book of X rather than the Absolute. Butler's ready sympathy, even if he was sometimes deceived in his estimate of a man, was a valuable antidote to this carping company. He was great in appreciation, not in criticism; in commemoration, as his masterly Latin epitaphs show, and the ready humour which springs out of unguarded talk. We like his favourite story of the depressed Bostonian who complained that his city had gone down, for "he didn't suppose there were more than three men there now who could write the works of William Shakespeare." We like, too, those easy, occasional verses of which examples are given at the end, expositions of the talent which flowed so gracefully into Latin verse. Now stern educationists call that harmless art a crime. Butler was of the old school, and pleaded for the retention of his Latin Lyrics. He was of the school

that everybody wants in his diffusive kindness. An admirable photograph pictures him and Sir Adolphus Ward together, the two stateliest figures in the university. That figure is commonly associated with humbug, arrogance, or pretence. Butler had none of those faults. He was gentle, high-minded, and simple.

WIT AND PIETY

Disraeli and Gladstone. By D. C. Somervell. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. SOMERVELL'S book is an essay in duobiography, a form which has never been attempted before and for which history provides few subjects. It lends his work something of the interest of the novel, and he avails himself, rightly, of the novelist's technique, leaving one hero in a crisis to take up the story of the other. But he is not at all at the mercy of his method, and he lets the parallels lengthen into chapters or dwindle into sentences as he feels inclined. He steers his way through the double narrative with ease and flexibility: indeed, it would be hard to praise too much his light, firm, crisp touch and his astonishing power of condensing details and marshalling facts. One can hardly see the trees for the wood. And yet there is abundance of lively anecdote and diverting illustration drawn from the correspondence and *obiter dicta* of both statesmen; in no department of his art does Mr. Somervell display his competence more than in the skill with which he makes these personal records at once characteristic and entertaining.

It is a thankless and probably futile task to attempt to report the balance of Mr. Somervell's treatment, which is poised evenly over most of the considerations which can affect the biographer. Disraeli and Gladstone were first and foremost politicians: and the elucidation and comparison of their political achievement is Mr. Somervell's first concern. Facts do not bore him; he breathes life into them. In the contemporary "elegant" biography, there is a tendency to regard historical fact as in a measure subordinate both to literary effect and to the personality of the subject; authors being rarely men of affairs are apt to take a perfunctory interest in the office-hours of those about whom they write. The figures of the past emerge, one after the other, more amusing than we had expected, more eccentric, more grotesque, their failings and foibles thick upon them. The cream lies deep over the jest. But Mr. Somervell, though he can be ironical enough, is almost entirely free from the scepticism which, if present in however little excess, takes the heart out of history. He has the art of being contemporary with the events he is narrating, and their importance at the time is not weakened for him by his considered estimate of that importance. Moreover, he faces the political problems that beset Gladstone and Disraeli with a practical man's anxiety to see them solved—an innate quality most precious to the historian, especially the historian of the Victorian era, when politics begin more and more to assume the complexion of business propositions.

In only one respect is Mr. Somervell's account of the Gladstone-Disraeli duel deficient: he is almost incapable of partiality. He appreciates equally the romanticism of Disraeli and the pietism of Gladstone, but he gives allegiance to neither. We must allow, he says, for the fact that, while wit is now admired, piety is out of fashion. He defends Gladstone's piety but he does not feel, as Gladstone probably felt, that Disraeli's wit needed excuse. He is to this extent a partisan, that he apologizes for Gladstone. If he had been writing in the last century he would probably have apologized for Disraeli. The Victorian liked his heroes in proportion as they approached perfection; the man of to-day sometimes seems to like them in proportion as they fall short of the perfection imagined by his

grandfathers. Mr. Somervell shows us very plainly that Gladstone found in every question a moral issue, whereas Disraeli would not argue a case upon moral grounds if he could help it. In the eyes of the twentieth century the charge of insincerity (which still has a certain force) fails upon Gladstone. Mr. Somervell can be excused for not taking sides and on the whole we are glad he did not, but his impartiality, though never in the least irritating or superior, slightly falsifies the picture by leaving out the fact that to almost all their contemporaries the names of the two statesmen implied, before anything else, a violent preference, a suspension of reason, a closed mind and a blind eye. Mr. Somervell tells us that this was so, but he will not let us feel it, at his expense. He avoids the issue by identifying morality with energy of character; and from this standpoint there is little to choose between Gladstone and Disraeli. He says:

The source of their impressiveness is not mainly to be found in intellectual gifts or in powers of effective speech, though both men were in these respects amply endowed. The secret lies in the moral qualities, in their superb courage and tenacity. He must be dull of soul who can read without a certain emotion of Gladstone risking his whole political future that he might preserve his reputation for disinterestedness in the matter of the Maynooth grant; of Disraeli standing forth alone to do battle with the government of Sir Robert Peel.

and he goes on multiplying the instances in which the two statesmen stuck to their guns. But energy of character is not in itself a virtue, and many less admirable men have had the courage of their convictions and the physical vitality to carry them into effect.

It would be ungrateful to labour this small point which is, after all, not so much a criticism as a different angle of view. In spite of his natural fair-mindedness, Mr. Somervell frequently intervenes on one side or the other with comments and judgments in which wit and sense are most happily combined. Alert, nimble, courteous, sympathetic, his book is a study in biographical good manners; and because of his belief in the political instinct, and in the integrity and efficiency of its operation, it is very much a book to be read at the present time.

GREEK AND JEW

The Death of Socrates. A Dramatic Scene. By Laurence Housman. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s. net.

Naboth's Vineyard. A Stage Piece. By Clemence Dane. Heinemann. 6s. net.

TRIAL scenes have long been the trump cards of the playhouse, and both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Masefield have recently gone to historic judgments for their dramatic material. Mr. Housman, however, has left the trial of Socrates alone. To depict the trial and all the bitter contention that surrounded it would have given him a conflict rich in obvious dramatic values, for there was something to be said even for the most rancorous of the accusers. The enemies of the great Sophist were not without some sort of case. To the Restored Democrats Socrates was a political suspect, and there was no toleration left in the once tolerant Athenian mind. The squalor and degradation of the long war with Sparta had pulled down into the garbage of the unswept street the idealism of the city "violet-crowned" whose essential creed had been expressed in the lofty liberalism of Pericles. Moreover, the work of the Sophists had not been all good. A certain kind of youth had been guided by these teachers into a scepticism that led him more quickly to dissipation than it did to civic virtues. Meletus, one of the accusers of Socrates, had seen his own son go to Socrates for instruction and to the devil for company. The anti-Socratic jury was therefore intelligible in a state of enflamed public emotions, and, as in the

eternal conflict between the solid bourgeois and the shifty artist, the rights and wrongs of the matter were indiscriminately distributed on either side. If Mr. Housman had extended his scope to include the attack on Socrates as well as its conclusion, he would certainly not have lacked material for a complex study in motive, character, and emotion. To show the two parties passing through misunderstanding to what now seems almost murder, is the kind of subject which Mr. Galsworthy could execute with his usual tempered sympathy and fine dramatic balance. It would have been interesting to see how the author of 'Little Plays of St. Francis' would have adapted his own particular sympathy to a Galsworthian theme.

What he does give us is a faithful impression of the closing scene as Plato has depicted it. If ever a man died in harness it was Socrates. His life had been given over to the service of knowledge through argument, and he argued quite literally to the last gasp. As the hemlock fought down his life, he still stated his case for belief in a future life. Unfortunately, these last arguments about immortality did not show Socrates at his strongest. They are fanciful and sometimes the fancy is turned to beautiful issues. At other times it appears to ground on mere trickiness and to be sophistical in the worst sense of that word. Mr. Housman has kept closely to his Greek originals and he has not hesitated to paraphrase Plato where he thinks fit. Some intensely human tragi-comedy is introduced when Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, comes to visit and to scold her husband, who had certainly given her some rich excuses for misunderstanding and abusing him. Within his short compass of space Mr. Housman manages brilliantly to present the reality of this amazing man, impervious to pleasure and pain and utterly neglectful of all domestic claims when he had dedicated himself to his wandering ministry of logic. The death of Socrates is one of the noblest deaths in history and Mr. Housman, by letting the story tell itself, allows the terrible beauty of the last moments to stand out with an austere simplicity that is typically Greek.

Miss Clemence Dane's reputation as a dramatist was unjustly diminished by the angry reception of her play on Shakespeare. Whether or not one liked the presentation of the character, the execution of that play had remarkable dramatic quality. But criticism seized upon it as though it were the body of Jezebel, crying "Throw her down." And they threw her down. Now Miss Dane has gone to Jezebel for a play, and she has set out with no timid ambition to produce something small and easy for the little repertory theatres. Her play is built for a stage the size of that of Drury Lane and for a producer whose purse is rich beyond the dreams of syndicates. The coloured and crowded life of Jezreel is spilt in multitudinous waves across the scene and in this tempest Jezebel and Jehu are loosed in full oriental magnificence. Miss Dane has translated the Old Testament story into a prose of her own, which is naturally less beautiful than the original, but distinctly more agreeable than the normal speech of Shaftesbury Avenue. She has an aptitude for the painting of dominant types and Jezebel manages to drive the play along as furiously as ever Jehu drove his horses. The men, as is frequently the case in Miss Dane's work, are less lively and less convincing than the women. None the less, the text reads suggestively and one can imagine that a producer and an actress of genius could make a memorable panorama of passion and down-fall. It would be good to see Miss Edith Evans painting the cheeks and tiring the hair of this imperious Jezebel, but we may have to wait for that, since a production which kept down the dramatist's scenic instructions to the barest minimum and used all the strict economy of modern stage design, would still have to enjoy the support of a management of courage and resource above the normal level.

NEW FICTION

The Mulberry Bush. By Sylvia Lynd. Macmillan. 6s. net.

Simple Annals. By Stacey W. Hyde. Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d. net.

HOW lamentable is the lot of the writer of trifles! By no means can he or she hope to prevail in competition against the producers of those sprawling prose epics among which lie the best novel of the season and the best seller and all the other books to which the public of the circulating libraries affixes a commendatory label. The demand is for solidity or at least an appearance of it, and for continuity. The patron of the circulating libraries will not tolerate being called upon to enjoy a character, a situation, a mood for the few minutes it takes to read some of Mrs. Lynd's sketches and stories; he or she insists on time to get acquainted with the characters and the world they inhabit, and will recommend nothing to an acquaintance which cannot be summed up in a single sentence. So, we suppose, this book of delicate trifles will miss popularity by the slowness of most of the pieces in it and by its failure to present a single, obvious aspect to those who, murmuring commendation of a book at tea parties, do much more to settle its fate than reviewers can. But at least we can make the attempt to secure it part of the attention it deserves.

It must be ten years since Mrs. Lynd put forth a volume of verse and prose, entitled 'The Thrush and the Jay.' The verse, some of it graceful and wistful, is dim in our memory now in the sense that we cannot recall many lines or titles, but all the same we have kept a feeling of gentle contact with a distinguished and charming temperament. The prose, to some extent, reappears here, with new pieces, showing perhaps no development but certainly no decline in sensitiveness and skill. Take the first piece, 'Night and Morning.' It might have been so nearly nothing. It is merely a sketch of the ordinary enough course of petty events of an evening in a very usual kind of household, leading up to the dawn of the next day. How is it that it holds the attention, that it has, in its small way, universal significance? The question is rhetorical and asked without expectation of any answer. Almost as soon shall be told exactly why, to turn to a great writer, there is so much significance in a childish couplet by Blake, in, for instance:

If the sun and moon should doubt,
They would suddenly go out.

Magic, we say; and magic is always magic, whether it be that which a great master exercises over his vast material or that which operates shyly for a moment or two in some small work by a writer like Mrs. Lynd. Of course, she is not always mistress of so rare a gift. She can be very good, however, in work that is commoner in texture, and if you care to see how far she can go in sentimental portraiture without toppling into mawkishness, you may look at the piece entitled 'Journey's End.'

But let us not be led into estimating this item and that in Mrs. Lynd's book. Criticism is too heavy-handed for this little task. All that one is really called upon to do is to make one's gesture of appreciation and then to suggest to readers the use they may make of the book. Feminine readers may be left to discover for themselves the proper conditions for enjoyment of such work. One masculine reader has found that a story or sketch by Mrs. Lynd is almost the best thing to while that interval between the early morning cup of tea and the irrevocable moment which entangles one in the general and futile movement of the world. There is something maternal in her work. It is not that she wholly refrains from dark themes

and moods, but her instinctive sympathy is with light, while it is not yet too insistent, and there is always for her "a budding morrow in midnight."

Mr. Hyde is apparently not quite a new novelist, but there is this much of the novice in him that he is not quite successful in disguising the transitions from scenes which he has observed physically to those which he has viewed only with the mind's eye. It would be harsh to say that he gives us by turns reality and unreality. Let us say that he deals in two kinds of reality, the one almost photographic, the other somewhat vaguely washed in. Very likely it is open to Mr. Hyde to retort that what we have called photographic is in truth sheer invention, and that the vaguer scenes are those in which he had himself dwelt before he wrote his novel. The contrast remains, whether it be due to the nature and limitations of his experience or to his being far more capable at present of dealing with one kind of matter than with another. All the earlier part of the book, presenting the life of an ambitious boy in a workshop, is in its way extremely well done. That, we feel, is exactly how things happen among the workers, and just so would a boy with the temperament predicted in the story react to his environment. But we are not to have a novel of factory life. Mr. Hyde's theme reduces factory incidents to a place of subordinate interest. His heroine is to be seduced, in an atmosphere of religious hysteria, by a strange, rather repulsive, itinerant preacher; is to fly from him, though he is more than anxious to make amends by marrying her; is to marry the hero; and then the preacher, by accident, is to become their fellow-lodger in the house of the hero's mother. Mr. Hyde, in short, is to give us rather familiar domestic melodrama, and in the course of doing so is to go some distance from the setting with which he deals best. It is possibly unfair to complain that this book is not another book, but we cannot refrain from regretting that he did not decide to let the whole story be governed by the events of factory life or else resolve to write his story of the wife with a secret which is bound to be disastrously revealed without giving the factory more value than a mere background should have.

However here the book is, and it is some time since we came upon work by a new writer with so considerable a gift for building up the illusion which Mr. Hyde offers us in the first part of his book. There is no brilliance in all this, no effort to compete with the descriptive writer. It is simply as if one of the walls of the factory were removed and we looked in on the activities of the workers. What Mr. Hyde will eventually be able to do with this talent of his for quietly exposing the sober detail of industrial life we will not venture to predict. By itself, it cannot make him a novelist. It may even, as happens to some extent in this book, weaken the effect of the more emotional passages of a story by suggesting that solid earth has been quitted by the characters from the moment that physical circumstances cease to be prominent in the writing. But should he be able some day to find a fable which gives him full scope for that talent of his, without demanding much else from him, the result will probably be a book of no little importance. There are novelists who, having their fable, can cast about for a suitable setting. Mr. Hyde is in a very different situation, and has presumably not realized it. Let him ponder over it, for with all his defects, and we have not troubled to specify minor blemishes in his work, he is a writer who is justified in taking himself seriously.

SOME PLAYS TO SEE

'The Seagull.' By Anton Chekhov. LITTLE THEATRE.
'Lionel and Clarissa.' An 18th Century Opera. LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.
'The Playboys of the Western World.' By J. M. Synge. ROYALTY THEATRE.

SHORTER NOTICES

Memories and Hopes. By the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton. Murray. 16s. net.

DR. LYTTELTON has had the advantages and handicaps due to a dominant family. In youth he had perfect elder brothers to look up to, which is well; but it is not so well that he should denounce "very nearly every other home in Great Britain" as priggish. His long experience of Eton leads to some severe criticism, which certainly seems justified, so far as earlier days are concerned. His attacks on education and the educated in general strike us as partly wise and partly crude. He objects to originality in young examinees as precocity likely to indicate a stunted manhood. He seems from time to time to be stung with the splendour of a sudden theory or idea and make too much of it. He is always moving to new ideas, and somewhat naïve in his exposition of his progress. He includes a good chapter on cricket, suggesting that turf must be modified to suit bowlers—and some capital stories. His views of well-known men are good reading. Henry Sidgwick gets the tribute he deserves, but is the story about the "p-p-prig" right? We thought it was his answer to a German complaint that there was no English equivalent for the "elehrte." Late in the book we get to the sin of meat-eating and a revival of the entire system of education suggested by a single book. The Athenians, it is remarked, had no books, but see Aristophanes, 'Frogs,' 1114, where

Each man has a book and learns to be clever.

Miniatures of French History. By Hilaire Belloc. Nelson. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. BELLOC is usually at his best when inspired by the history of France, and in this little book of sketches he reaches a high point of vision and good writing. From the founding of Marseilles to the crisis of the Marne, French story is seen in a succession of vivid flashes, all the clearer to us because the author knows the ground and has visualized the happenings there. As an example, take his tale of Roland at

BALANCE

If a football team were composed entirely of forwards, it would stand no chance against a well-balanced opposing team. A petrol in which certain of the hydrocarbons predominate at the expense of the others, cannot give results comparable with those of Shell, in which the various hydrocarbons governing miles to the gallon, easy starting, and power without pinking, are perfectly balanced.

Buy your Shell from the certified
Shell pump or in sealed red cans.

SHELL

The WELL-BALANCED Petrol

SHELL-MEX LTD., G.P.O. BOX 148, SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

Roncesvalles, a place that has been described over and over again, but this time, for his purpose, with absolute finality. Or again the story of Edward III at Blanchetaque. We had always thought that part of Edward's success was due to the fact that he knew the country well as a youth; but Mr. Belloc does not seemingly attach importance to the fact; and how well he describes the place! He takes the conventional view of Louis XI; we have always felt that there was another side to his character—a deeply religious one which our author should be sensitive to. We congratulate him on a little masterpiece.

Buddock Against London. By Jan Gordon. Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net.

READERS of fiction who remember Mr. Gordon's good but rather macabre stories of Malay life some years ago will turn with interest to his new tale to mark the result of time on his methods. Buddock is a South-countryman—a village innkeeper—who hates London and all its ways. The hero of the book is a half-educated Cockney, who draws on zinc for poster printers and has the making of a painter in him, but hates country life and loves the town. The first part of the story is the struggle with Buddock, the second the struggle with London of a penniless artist with a wife. There are in it sketches both grave and gay of the life many of our young artists are living to-day, and of the reaction to it of the innocent young country wife and of her sophisticated yet equally innocent husband. That Mr. Gordon has the gift of seeing and making his readers see with him we knew already; he has attained the art of telling coldly so that we may feel warmly.

Angela and I. By "L. du G." of Punch. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.

AS a general rule there is no form of reading more dull than descriptions of the lives of happily married couples. It says much for "L. du G." that, handicapped by such a theme, he has contrived to be amusing. One approaches a book of this type with the gloomiest forebodings but—well, candour compels the admission that *Angela* is rather a dear, and the reader who fails to laugh over 'The Hammock' should betake himself without delay to Malthus on 'The Law of Population,' where he will doubtless find all that he requires. 'Angela and I' is a book for odd moments—or for the bedside. To extract the finest flavour from it, it should be taken in small doses.

The Changing Order. By Kenneth Ingram. Allan. 3s. 6d. net.

IN 'The Changing Order' Mr. Kenneth Ingram has attempted to do for the Anglo-Catholic section of the Church of England what many years ago Cardinal Newman did for the Church of Rome in 'Loss and Gain.' He is hardly as well equipped for the task as was his distinguished predecessor, for he is entirely lacking in Newman's gift of modest humour. None the less, he has written a book which will prove interesting—to those who are already interested in the subject. 'The Changing Order' consists for the most part of a series of dialogues between a parish priest of what, in ecclesiastical circles, would be termed the "spiky" type and a young country squire who has just returned to the front to find that all sorts of unwelcome and exotic practices have been introduced into his parish church during his absence. The conversion of the squire from a discreet and moderate Anglicanism to a full-blown Anglo-Catholicism follows in due course. It is only fair to Mr. Ingram to add that he has not made the mistake so common to controversialists of undervaluing the objections of his opponents. Some readers, indeed, may be tempted to sympathize with the David Lyall of the earlier pages.

THE QUARTERLIES

The *Quarterly* for October opens with Dr. Shipley's paper on 'Mr. Pepys as a Man of Science,' or rather as a Fellow of the Royal Society, which even now is not quite the same thing. Mr. D. O. Malcolm has some good modern Latin and Greek verse, and reminds us of the splendid translation of a line from Horace: "After riding, the Dark Lady sits down with care." Mr. Cranmer Byng is interesting and instructive on 'The Golden Age of China,' and Mr. G. M. Fraser brings out 'The Truth about Macpherson's Ossian,' which is that he was a life-long impostor, that he translated Ossian from Gaelic "originals" which he had written himself, and that these lack all the characters of genuine Gaelic poetry. Dr. Shadwell revives the memory of Antoine de Montchrétien, who wrote a treatise on Political Economy, published in 1615. Prof. Stuart Jones considers the whole evidence relating to the presence of St. Peter at Rome, in view of the recent criticism of Prof. Merrill. He gives a number of diagrams showing the present position of the excavations, and regards it as certain that the bodies of the Apostles were believed in A.D. 200 to be buried in a known spot, and from that time on the position of these bodies can be traced. Among the other articles, that of Mr. Bensusan on 'Suggestions for Farmers' is of first-rate importance.

The *Edinburgh* devotes the major part of its space to economics and foreign affairs, with papers on the pressing need of economy, public and private, the relative values of gas and electricity, our land-holding system, and the growing strength of Japan. Mr. Tilby writes of 'The Human Will' and its limitations, the 'Anglo-Indian Fiction' of recent years is ably summarized and described, and Mr. J. Wells deals with 'Macaulay and Hastings' and insists on Macaulay's value as a historian. Precisely so; Macaulay's great fault in the eyes of the past generation was that he was interesting and hence could not be true. Mr. H. J. Randall has an easy task in finding the weak places in Mr. Belloc's history, but for all that we are not to suppose that the Britons who fought the Saxons for a century were naked savages: there can be no doubt but that they called themselves Romans and thought of themselves as Romans. How long this feeling persisted, from the seventh to the tenth century, is another matter. Mr. Blunt describes the career of Mrs. Vesey, a famous bluestocking of the mid-eighteenth century, in 'The Sylph.' Mr. Temperley reviews 'The Diplomacy of Russell and Palmerston,' and Sir Frederick Sykes writes on 'Air Power and Policy.'

The *Scottish Historical Review* opens with some evidence of the unpopularity of James I's government in England as early as 1604, with notes by Mr. J. D. Mackie. Prof. Hannay, in 'A Study in Reformation History,' discusses some of the causes which led up to the confiscation of Kirk-lands, and Prof. F. M. Powicke deals with the evidence as to the "dispensator" in Norman English and Scottish courts. Mr. J. T. Brown writes on 'The Royal Burgh of Rutherglen' and its rivalry with Glasgow. There is an interesting note on Hotspur by Mr. S. C. Wilson.

The *Church Quarterly* opens with Viscount Halifax on 'The Church of England: Lessons of Fifty Years,' a plea for unity in all sections. The Bishop of Gloucester continues his most valuable study of 'The Four Gospels,' dealing this time with the Johannine Gospel. A paper which will attract general readers is that by Dr. Jenkins on the Register of Odo, Archbishop of Rouen, which covers twenty-one years. The author gives the actual facts of the state of the clergy and monasteries during this period (1248-1269) as opposed to the merry tales of the *fablaux*. The whole number is excellent.

The *Print Collector's Quarterly* opens with a paper by Prof. Hind on the work of Adam Elsheimer, in the first place as preserved by other engravers. Commander Robinson takes up a new subject in 'Naval Iconography' with a number of illustrations showing Jack Ashore and other naval subjects. Mr. M. C. Salaman's subject is 'The Etchings of Malcom Osborne,' with a catalogue of them from 1904. Mr. Hugh Stokes writes sympathetically of Miss Sylvia Gosse's etchings and many other things, and selects some good examples for reproduction.

Psyche has a number of exceptionally good papers. Prof. Bugnion investigates 'The Origin of Instinct,' while observing the war between the ants and the termites. Dr. Crookshank returns to the charge in 'From the Comparative to the Positive,' insisting that science must leave off taking its theories for facts and found itself on a solid rock. Col. H. C. Evans sums up the superstitions about 'The Evil Eye,' Mr. Richards discusses 'Science and Poetry,' and Miss More asks 'Do Animals Laugh?'

The *Sociological Review* has a symposium on 'Living Religions and their Life Purpose,' with papers by Prof. Julian Huxley, Mr. A. G. Widgey, and Mr. Victor Branford. Mr. del Andrade and Mr. la Touche write on 'Civilization and the Savagery Myth': savages have as complex a system of life as, and often a better one than, civilized folk. Mr. Herbert has a valuable study of the growth and decay of the population of a small island in Norway—Bolsö—as dependent on social conditions.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page from time to time.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 191.
(Twelfth of the Quarter.)

TWO LAKES FOR VARIED LOVELINESS RENOWNED,
IN ENGLAND ONE AND ONE IN SCOTLAND FOUND.

1. Proverbially hard to catch him napping.
2. Freed from its temporary sheath or wrapping.
3. Curtail a city with a splendid fane.
4. A—village?—where the young idea we train.
5. Protects the embryo juices of a bird.
6. Reverse him! Never he misspells a word!
7. For future reference duly noted down.
8. Extract the heart of ancient Spanish town.
9. When crime it follows, then rejoice with me.
10. From baleful fluid cut off three times three.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 189.

IF YOU MY RIDDLE REDE ARIGHT,
TWO SCOTTISH TOWNS WILL SPRING TO LIGHT.

1. What reck I of your furnace fiery hot?
2. He knows which plants grow here and which do not.
3. From prickly one deduct old Sol reversed.
4. In civic brawls is prompt to do his worst.
5. O foolish bird, 'tis easy to catch you!
6. Profit curtail, yea, snip its head off, too.
7. To make it sure the Holy Book exhorts.
8. Employed in fishing and in sundry sports.

Solution of Acrostic No. 189.

A sbesto S
B otanis T
E ch Inus¹
R iote R
D ottere L²
bE nef It
E lectio N³
N ettin G

¹The spiny Sea-urchin.

²A species of plover breeding in high latitudes and migrating southward in autumn. Having no fear of man, it allows itself to be easily taken.

³Pet. i. 10.

ACROSTIC No. 189.—The winner is the Duke of Newcastle, Clumber, Workson, who has selected as his prize 'The Everlasting Man,' by G. K. Chesterton, published by Hodder and Stoughton and noticed in our columns on October 17. Fourteen other competitors named this book, 28 chose 'English Song Book,' 18 'The Great Pandolfo,' 17 'The Life and Letters of W. Boyd-Carpenter,' etc., etc.

Correct solutions were also received from Stucco, G. M. Fowler, Mrs. A. Lole, A. M. W. Maxwell, Miss V. Versturm-Bunbury, Lav, Miss Ruby Macpherson, Joyce Cumberlege, Mrs. J. Butler, H. E. Du C. Norris, J. Chambers, R. Ransom, C. A. S., G. W. Miller, Glamis, Zero, Jorum, East Sheen, Zoozoo, N. O. Sellam, F. M. Petty, Maud Crowther, S. M. Groves, Vron, Gay, Quis, John Lennie, Tyro, Cameron, Rho Kappa, Buster, Boskerris, Armadale, Twyford, Carlton, Lt.-Col. Willett, Brevis, Baldersby, C. H. Burton, Oakapple, Still Waters, Sisyphus, Katharine, Gunton, Jop, Lillian, E. Barrett, Martha, Bolo, Agnes, C. Watson, Margaret, Doric, C. J. Warden, M. A. S. McFarlane, M. Overton, Albert E. K. Wherry, Puss, M. Story, Dhualt, Baitho, Iago, Shorwell, Mrs. A. S. Gosset, Zyk, Bordyke, Dolmar, Miss Carter, Yewden, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Peter, Beechworth, St. Ives, Met, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Ida Wild, L. M. Maxwell, and Owl.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Sir Joseph Tichborne, Roan, Ceyx, Dinkie, Hanworth, Cyril E. Ford, Plumbago, J. D. T., A. R. N. Cooper-Coles, Crucible, E. K. P., Mary East, Ruth Bevan, D. L., Astur, Capt. Wolseley, Jeff, Pussy, Lionel Cresswell, Rosa H. Boothroyd, Madge, Mrs. A. E. Whitaker, W. F. Born, J. Sutton, Farsdon, Shottesbrooke, and Chip.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Polamar, Sir R. Egerton, Lady Mottram, Bonzo, Reginald Eccles, J. R. Cripps, H. M. Vaughan, and Miss Kelly.

For Light 1 Azarias and Ananias are accepted. (See 'The Song of the Three Holy Children,' v. 65.) For Light 4 Robber is accepted.

MISS CARTER.—Your solution of No. 187 failed to reach us. JORUM.—Probably the same mishap befell Adam.

Books from FABER & the Autumn List of GWYER

Spain in a Two-Seater

By HALFORD ROSS. 7s. 6d. net.

A light-hearted record of a motor tour through Spain: anecdote and adventure combined with practical information.

The following during November:—

Critical Essays

By OSBERT BURDETT, author of "The Idea of Coventry Patmore" and "The Beardsley Period."

7s. 6d. net.

Essays on literary and other topics which exhibit all Mr. Burdett's lightness and sureness of touch, and his delicacy of understanding. The subjects range from "The Art of Mr. Chaplin" to "John Gay."

Poems, 1909-1925

By T. S. ELIOT. 7s. 6d. net.

This volume will contain all Mr. Eliot's poems which he wishes to preserve, including "The Waste Land," and others which have been for some time out of print.

There will also be an edition on hand-made paper limited to 75 copies, numbered and signed by the author, 25s. net.

Dramatis Personae

By ARTHUR SYMONS. 8s. 6d. net.

Twenty essays previously uncollected. The subjects include "Joseph Conrad," "English and French Fiction," etc.

Patience

By BENJAMIN VALLOTTON, translated by Mrs. Allingham, with a Preface by Hilaire Belloc. 7s. 6d. net.

This book, the French edition of which is now in its twenty-first thousand, tells the life story of Froidevaux, a Swiss watchmaker, who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and contracted a terrible form of blood-poisoning. It is a tragic but heroic story of triumph over pain.

The Isles of Fear: The Truth about the Philippines

By KATHERINE MAYO. With a Preface by Lionel Curtis. Illustrated with maps and photographs. 15s. net.

The problem of Philippine self-government; a deeply-moving, even tragic work.

Complete autumn list on application.

FABER & GWYER, Ltd., 28-29 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2

SCHOOLS (211)

ADVICE (Free of charge) on SCHOOLS,
TUTORS, etc., by

N. W. ROSS, M.A. (Cantab.), B. ès L. (Paris)

(Twenty years' experience as a Schoolmaster.)

Write, with age of pupil, fees, district, etc., to:

BURROW'S SCHOLASTIC AGENCY (R 98)

(Publishers of "Schools of England," etc.)

175 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 Gerr. 3462

Sent to you Post Free.
CATALOGUE 263.

NEW BOOK BARGAINS

Books in every field of Literature, Science
and the Arts. All in New Condition.

Ask to be put on our Mailing List.

W. HEFFER & SONS, LIMITED.

Booksellers and Publishers,
CAMBRIDGE. Phone 802. ENGLAND.

INCREASE INCOME BY WRITING.

£12, £27, £45 a month are ordinary examples of earnings by pupils of the L.C.A. Home Study Courses in Free-Lance Journalism, General Authorship, writing of Articles, Stories, etc. Why not learn to write the things Editors want, and turn your spare time to profit?

Write for FREE BOOKLET and FREE TRIAL OFFER.

LONDON COLLEGE OF AUTHORSHIP, 37 Albemarle Street (R.A.), W.1.

MOTORING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE recent announcement in the daily Press that certain American motor interests are desirous of securing holdings in British and Continental motor concerns is the subject of an interesting article in the current issue of *The Motor*. This journal is anxious that the British motor industry shall be kept for the British nation, and asks what is the motive behind the persistent efforts of American concerns to invest their money in our undertakings. Are overtures being made with the object of obtaining immediate control, or at least with a view to gaining a financial footing in our national automobile industry? The matter, according to the article in question, is sufficiently serious to call for comment and protest. Those who have watched closely the progress and set-backs of the British motor industry during the post-war years have been impressed and encouraged by the fact that after alternating periods of depression and partial recovery, the industry has appeared of late to be settling down to conditions of relative stability. Quite recently Mr. Charles Sangster, chairman of Swift of Coventry Limited, stated publicly that nobody knew the disastrous effect of the moulders' strike, soon after the termination of the war, on the motor industry of this country. Now we have been encouraged by the belief that the British people, recognizing the need for providing employment for British workers without wholly disregarding the claims of imported vehicles, were evincing a commendable preference for British cars. Certainly the way in which the British manufacturer has fought against great odds to re-establish his position since the war merits the support of his countrymen.

* * *

It has been strongly and persistently advocated that when war activities came to an end the British motor manufacturer should have accorded to him such a measure of protection in his own market as would enable him to get back to his normal production with some prospect of recovery within a reasonable time. The overseas market, in which before the war he was well established, was entirely lost to him during and for long after the war, and in this the Americans had fairly installed themselves. A measure of protection was accorded by one political party when in power, withdrawn by another and re-imposed by a third change of Government. Yet no one can say with certainty that there is going to be a continuity of policy in this respect. In spite of it all, signs at present seem to show that the British motor manufacturer has reached a stage where he has a reasonable chance of winning through at home and overseas.

* * *

Offers are being made here with a persistence which indicates a determination on the part of certain American interests to get a controlling grip on British motor concerns. If checked or thwarted in one direction, those who are operating these offers resume their activities elsewhere. This appears to be a question that the shareholders of British motor companies must, as the arbiters of the fate of the British motor industry, answer. If by their action many British motor concerns are absorbed in mergers with American companies, there is every probability that the day will come when the motor industry in this country will be in the same position as the typewriter industry is to-day.

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE principal topic of conversation this week in city circles has been the franc and what its future will be. I have dealt with the subject so frequently that further comment is unnecessary. The only solution is taxation. The franc will be stable when the French Budget is made to balance.

IMPS AND BATS

A comparison of the last balance sheets of these two great tobacco companies leads to one conclusion, namely, that the market valuation of the shares of the British American Tobacco Company should be appreciably higher than that of the Imperial Tobacco Company. That the present difference is so small—Imps are 105s. and Bats are 107s.—is accounted for by the fears entertained by the Stock Exchange with regard to the troubles in China. Bats no doubt are suffering as far as their Chinese trade is concerned. It should, however, be emphasized that this is but a portion of their business, which is world-wide in extent. The paid up capital of Bats is about half that of Imps. The goodwill of Bats is only £200,000 compared with £9,422,000 for Imps. The contrast in carry forward is even more marked—£3,914,000 for Bats against £549,000 for Imps. I understand that Bats have had a good year, and I believe that the Stock Exchange has rather an exaggerated view of the influence of Chinese troubles on the prosperity of the company. While favouring Imps, I strongly recommend Bats at the present price.

A RUBBER TIP

I think United Temiang at about 6s. 3d. are an attractive purchase.

THOMAS TILLING

The issued capital of Thomas Tilling consists of

£500,000 5% First Mortgage Debenture	£500,000
60,000 5½% Cumulative Preference Shares of £5	300,000
308,848 Ordinary Shares of £1 each	308,848
			£1,108,848

The company carries on the business of road transport contractors, and is interested in several prosperous omnibus undertakings, chiefly in the provinces and on the south coast. The profits for last year, ending December 31, 1924, amounted to £132,950 after providing for ample depreciation for rolling stock, plant and amortization of leases, etc. The financial year ends in December, and the report is issued in March. For 1924 an interim dividend of 1s. 6d. on the ordinary shares was paid in July, and a final of 1s. 6d. in March, making 3s. for the year. It requires £25,000 to pay the dividends on the Debentures and £16,500 on the preference shares, so that the ordinary shares can participate in the profits after £41,500 has been set aside for prior charges. For the year 1924, then, £91,450 was available for distribution after paying preference and debenture dividends, but, in reality, only half that amount was paid in dividends to the ordinary shareholders. It will be seen therefore that, commensurately with the profits, dividends were not paid on a very liberal scale. The same strain of conservatism can be observed in the drawing up of the balance sheet. The investments stand in the balance sheet "at or below cost," and it can, I think, be safely

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

HEAD OFFICES:
45 Dale Street, LIVERPOOL
125 Londonhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

ACCIDENT FIRE MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7 Chancery Lane, W.C.2



Separators

of tough yet very porous wood
treated by a patent process
they ensure perfect insulation
with maximum porosity & give
resilient support to the plates

Exide
The Long-Life Battery
Obtainable from Traders Everywhere.

No. 2 of a series of advertisements by
THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE CO., LTD.

If mileage counts You
DO get
those
extra
miles
on
PRATTS
On Top in all Road Tests

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, LTD. 36 QUEEN ANNE'S CATE, LONDON, S.W.1



C.A.V. At the **COMMERCIAL**
MOTOR SHOW, Olympia
See the Continuous
Demonstration on **STAND 164**
C. A. VANDERVELL & CO., LTD., ACTON VALE, LONDON, W.3

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS OF FRANCE

By the
HON. GEORGE PEEL
10s. 6d. net.

The Economist.—"The real facts of the problem, as it faces M. Caillaux to-day, especially the great floating debt, are faithfully presented . . . This thoughtful, up-to-date and well-written treatise should be read in France as well as in this country and the United States."

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C.2

"As a Twig Grows— the Tree's Inclined"

is an old saw whose lesson is patent.

If you wish your children to grow up to be steady, upright and thrifty members of the community, teach them thrift while they are saplings by means of an

EARLY THRIFT POLICY WITH THE STANDARD

You can effect a policy for a child from age 1 to 10 for an annual outlay of from £7 to £10, and at age 21 possession is obtained of a policy for £1,000 at the same nominal yearly cost, instead of the normal cost of twice the amount or more.

No Medical Examination required.

Write for Leaflet "A.E" 12 explaining the scheme to

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

(Established 1826.)

Head Office: **3 George Street, EDINBURGH.**
LONDON - **110 CANNON ST., E.C.4, and**
15a PALL MALL, S.W.1.
DUBLIN - **59 DAWSON STREET.**

The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

CONTENTS—NOVEMBER, 1925.

Russia's Recovery Programme. By Robert Crozier Long.
The Mosul Question at Geneva. By Hugh F. Spender.
Mosul and the Turk. By Dudley Heathcote.
A Transformed Labour Party. By James Corbett.
Legal Aid: A Message from Ontario. By His Honour Judge Parry.
Marshal Lyautey. By W. L. Middleton.
Religion by Radio in America. By Edwin W. Hullinger.
Turkey in Revolution. By Maxwell H. H. Macartney.
The Prevention of Disease. By Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C.B., M.S., F.R.C.S.
Hamlet in Modern Dress. By John Palmer.
Poland and Czechoslovakia. By Robert Machray.
The Communist "Offensive" by Sea. By Archibald Hurd.
The Death Penalty in Literature. By J. A. T. Lloyd.
Shepherds' Meets. By W. T. Palmer.
The Unknown God. By Phyllis Mégroz.
Shylock's Choice. By John Cournos.
LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

assumed that "below cost" would be an equally true description. These investments figure in the balance sheet at £926,496, of which over £300,000 is in gilt edged securities, and the balance is, for the most part, invested in allied concerns of a successful nature. The profits derived from the Company's provincial and sea-side interests are to a certain extent dependable on the weather. We all know the deplorable conditions of the so-called summer of 1924, but this year the weather in the summer months was kinder to the community. In this respect the improvement should be reflected in the Companies' profits for 1925. It has recently been announced that the Company has disposed of its large holding in Tilling-Stevens Ltd. It is interesting to note that these shares were written down to nothing in the balance sheet of Thomas Tilling Ltd., and as the present price of Tilling-Stevens has lately risen to about 7s., the profit accrued to Thomas Tilling from the disposal of these shares must be substantial. I repeat that the management is a very conservative one, looking to the strength of the concern rather than to the payment of high dividends. Whether, therefore, the Board will decide this year to increase their present distribution is a debatable point. But for a sound investment with good prospects of capital appreciation the shares can be strongly recommended. The present price is 48s. 6d.

MEETINGS

Lack of space was accountable for the fact that I made no mention of the meetings of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway and Buenos Ayres Western Railway held earlier this month. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific shareholders were informed of a gratifying increase in their passenger traffic. As regards the Buenos Ayres Western Railway an extraordinary increase in the amount of maize carried in the Pampa district was disclosed; the record had previously been 45,000 tons transported in 1919-20, while this year the estimate was 180,000 tons.

TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIA ESTATE

At the meeting of the Transvaal and Rhodesia Estates Limited Mr. Latilla, the Chairman, referred in most optimistic terms to the prospects of the Nigerian Base Metals Corporation in which the company is largely interested. The Base Metal Company has acquired the Nigerian Company's mineral rights in Northern Nigeria. If the Chairman's hopes are realized as regards the various assets the Transvaal and Rhodesia Estates Company should be in for a spell of prosperity.

RAPHAEL TUCK

At the annual meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, held this week, the Chairman, Sir Adolph Tuck, pleaded for a return to the penny postage. He drew attention to the fact that while the country's annual expenditure was some £900,000,000, against £200,000,000 in Mr. Gladstone's time, the small amount of £5,000,000 which the return to the penny and halfpenny rates was estimated to cost, was allowed to stand in the way of this step, which had been advocated by every Chamber of Commerce throughout the country.

TAURUS

'Saturday Review' Competitions

OCTOBER 31, 1925

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

Company Meeting

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., was held on October 27 at Winchester House, E.C.

Sir Adolph Tuck (the chairman) said that the fifty-ninth year since the establishment of this business and the twenty-fourth year of its existence as a public company found them in a well-entrenched position, from which they were able to survey the past and approach the future with a feeling of confidence and satisfaction. The position of the Company both with the trade and the public never stood higher than it did at the present time.

Proudly at the head of the various departments of the business still stood, as during fifty years past, the Christmas, New Year, birthday, and greeting card department, the output of which continued to exhibit, but in increased measure, those artistic qualities and originality of design, added to beautiful finish of production, which had ever stamped the "Tuck" card, and had gained for it its high reputation with every section of the public, including the most exalted quarters.

There was another custom of this greeting card field which had lain dormant for some twenty-five to thirty years, but which had shown significant signs of rejuvenation during the past three or four years. He referred to the sending of love missives on February 14—St. Valentine's Day—the cult of which at one time almost rivalled that of the Christmas card. This custom was assuredly on the eve of a great renewal.

The sale of picture postcards had shown its proportionate increase during the past year, but the demand for these popular missives would have been very much larger if the halfpenny postcard postage had been revived.

With regard to the Company's prospects, shareholders would be pleased to know that the invoice value of the goods sent out during the first half of the current financial year, commencing May 1, gave promise of exceeding the high figure of the corresponding period of last year.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the motion for the adoption of the report and accounts, which was unanimously adopted, and a final dividend, making 8 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary shares, was declared.

Company Meeting

TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIAN ESTATES, LTD.

The ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Transvaal and Rhodesian Estates, Ltd., was held on October 27 at River Plate House, E.C.

Mr. H. G. Latilla (the chairman) said that the accounts presented showed the figures after a re-valuation of assets had been made. Taking the assets on the most conservative basis, and making no allowance for appreciation of any one asset, the shares were worth intrinsically 12s. each. There was to-day a large accretion to this value by reason of the improvement in their Nigerian assets.

Dealing with the most important of the Company's assets, he said that at the deep levels in the Fred Mine ore of great value had been exposed, and as from now there should be handsome monthly profits accruing to the Gem Rhodesia Company. With regard to the company's chrome interests, after many months of negotiation he had been able to arrange on behalf of this Company and its associates the terms of an agreement with the largest users of chrome. This arrangement provided for a considerable cash payment; it would enable the company to proceed at once both with the development of their properties and the construction of a branch railway from the mines to the Rhodesian Company's main line, and would ensure an outlet for their production over a period of years at the full market price. At to-day's price for chrome they should earn large profits. He was told by those best able to judge that, so long as regular supplies were assured, there would be an increasing demand for high-grade chrome ore.

Referring to the silver lead property, he said that shareholders were aware this was owned by the Nigerian Base Metals Corporation. Rich ore averaging over 80 per cent. lead and about 10 ozs. silver was being opened up. A shipment of 11½ tons of ore was on the water, and by the end of the year at least sixty tons would have been shipped. The result would be awaited with much interest. The price of lead to-day was about £39 per ton, and as the developments appeared very favourable, there was good ground for hope that the silver lead property would develop into a very valuable asset.

In conclusion, the chairman said that the Company was in a position to declare an interim dividend of 6d. per share, less tax, the payment of which would be in the early days of January next. Should all go as might be expected, they should be able to pay a further dividend for the current year.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Kinemas

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, KINGSWAY

Daily from 2 to 10.45 (Sunday, from 6 to 10.30. New Programme.)

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. (November 2, 3 and 4.)

SYD CHAPLIN in
"CHARLEY'S AUNT"ANTONIO MORENO and HELENE CHADWICK in
"THE BORDER LEGION"

Next Thursday, Friday and Saturday. (November 5, 6 and 7.)

"SMOULDERING FIRES"

featuring PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE.

ALICE TERRY and LEWIS STONE in
"CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN"

Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL.

Theatres

COURT THEATRE, Sloane Sq., S.W. Sloane 5137 (2 lines).

Every Evening at 8.15. Matinees Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2.15.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

By Eden Phillpotts.

[LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.]

GLOBE.

Gerrard 8724-5

EVENINGS at 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

MARGARET BANNERMAN in
BEGINNER'S LUCK

by Fred Jackson.

KINGSWAY THEATRE.

Gerrard 4032

Every Evening at 8.15. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.

[LAST TWO WEEKS.]

SHAKESPEARE'S

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Literary

£200 CASH for Novel, Short Stories, Poems. Full particulars, post free. Address: Mr. Arthur Stockwell, Publisher, 29 Ludgate Hill, London. Songs, Music, Essays, Films, Plays also required. No reading fees. Established 1898.**TYPEWRITING.**—MISS S. RUTH SPEAKMAN, 12 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2. Gerrard 6179. Special Quotations for School Exam. Papers.

Miscellaneous

A REAL SAVING.—Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, etc., turned and beautifully re-tailored just like new. Write for descriptive price list, or submit garments for free estimate. We collect in London. Phone: Clissold 4777. London Turning Co., The Pioneer Turning Specialists, Dept. R., 16 Chardmore Road, London, N.16.**A** RTIFICIAL TEETH (old) 2s. each tooth on Vulcanite; 4s. on Silver; 6s. on Gold. No misleading prices. Cash by return.—Dental Works, Carlton, Notts.**R** EAL HARRIS.—Lewis and Shetland Homespun. Direct from the Makers. Any length cut. Patterns free. State shade desired. NEWALL, 138 Stornoway, Scotland.**J** UST PUBLISHED.—"Bells for Evensong are Calling." (A composition of outstanding merit.) "The United Prayer." (Composed on "The Two Minutes' Silence.") "Apart, Yet Not Afar." (A song of consolation.) The three, post free, 2s. 6d. BERTRAM CHEVALIER, Music Publisher, Amersham, Bucks.**E** XCELLENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES constantly occurring; highly successful recommended methods. Send now stamped addressed envelope for free particulars. GREEN & CO., 17 Church Lane, Hull.

Shipping

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s
Passenger and Freight Services.**MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,**
BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,
MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAVES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.**Under - Insurance may mean Bankruptcy.**

Inability to replace property and goods not covered by insurance may mean bankruptcy. Complete protection can be secured by adequate insurance.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

142 HOLBORN BARS, E.C.1

All Classes of Insurance Business transacted.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's
CHLORODYNE

The Reliable Family Medicine with over 70 yrs. Reputation

Always ask for a
"Dr. COLLIS BROWNE."Acts like a Charm in
DIARRHŒA, COLIC
and other Bowel Complaints.

Of all Chemists, 1/3 & 3/-

The Best Remedy known for

COUGHS, COLDS

INFLUENZA.

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

A True Palliative in NEURALGIA

TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

Books

BOOKS.—Alken's Coloured Prints, "Cockfighting," 4 for £15, 1841; Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions, by Frank Harris, 2 vols., 1918, £2 2s.; Rousseau's Confessions, illus., with Etchings, privately printed, 2 vols., 24s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, illus., 17 vols., Best Edition, £15; Dumas' Celebrated Crimes, 8 vols., £2 2s.; Jowett's Plato, 5 vols., 1875, £6 6s.; London Tradesmen's Cards of the 18th Century, by Ambrose Heal, 1925, £2 2s.; The Uncollected Work of Aubrey Beardsley, 1925, £2 2s.; The Masculine Cross and Ancient Sex Worship, 8s.; Henry Fielding's Works, best Edit., with Intro. by Gosse, 12 vols., £6 6s., 1898; Smollett's Works, Edit. de Luxe, 6 vols., 1902, £4 4s.; Les Aventures du Chevalier De Faublas, best large type edit., 2 vols., illus., Paris, 1842, £3 3s.; The Novellino of Masuccio, trans. by Waters, illus., 2 vols., 1895, rare, £6 6s.; Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology, 1892, 15s.; The Graphic, 36 vols., £12; Sporting Magazine from 1826, with many rare plates, 27 vols., bound in 22, £10 10s.; Hannay Sex Symbolism in Religion, with an Appreciation by Sir George Birdwood, 2 vols., 25s.; J. M. Barrie's Works, "Kirkmuir" Edit., 10 vols., scarce, £7 7s.; Scott's novels, fine set, "Dryburgh Edition," 25 vols., £3 3s.; Thackeray's Works, nice set, 12 vols., £3; R. L. Stevenson's Works, "Vallima" Edit., 26 vols., £38. Send also for Catalogue. 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. **BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.** **BOOKS WANTED:** Crawley's Mystic Rose; Housman, A Shropshire Lad, 1896; Beerbohm, Happy Hypocrite, paper covers, 1897; Yet Again. 1st Edit., 1909; Caricatures of 25 Gentlemen, 1896; Boydell's History River Thames, 2 vols., 1794, Erewon, 1872; Erewon Revised, 1901; Way of All Flesh, 1903.

FOR over 40 years PLAYERS have been producing Cigarettes in ever-increasing quantities to meet a popular demand. Their resources are such that at all times the choicest and finest growths of matured Virginia leaf are at their command—and these alone are used. The conditions under which they are manufactured are as perfect as man can devise. The manner of their packing, again the outcome of 40 years' experience, ensures their reaching the smoker with all their freshness and purity unchanged.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

10 for 6^D. 20 for 11½^D.
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS.



P.1229

Phone : Gerrard 3157-8.

Telegrams : "Forenaft-London."

YACHT SALES AND CHARTERS, LTD.

The Yachting Monthly Offices, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

Have been authorised by the Owners to sell the following Magnificent Yachts:—

1,800-TON STEAM YACHT, large accommodation. Recently fitted out at large expense. Complete and ready for sea. Reasonable price. Folio S.Y.80.

1,800-TON STEAM YACHT, recently reconditioned, with 1925 reclassification certificates. Very large accommodation. Economical consumption. Lying South Coast. Folio S.Y.81.

1,200-TON STEAM YACHT, in excellent condition, with large accommodation. Turbine and triple expansion engines. Lying Mediterranean. Reasonable figure. Folio S.Y.82.

233-TON STEAM YACHT, built of steel in 1894 by Day & Summers. Compound engines. Speed, 9 knots, on economical consumption. Deckhouse, 2 saloons, 4 staterooms. In excellent condition. Price £9,000. Folio S.Y.38.

161-TON AUX. SCHOONER. Twin Kelvin engines. Good accommodation. Recently had £9,000 spent on her. Price £9,000. Folio A1,010.

129-TON AUX. KETCH, built teak. Kelvin engine. Deckhouse, saloon, 4 staterooms. Lead keel and ballast. Excellent condition. Suitable for ocean cruising. Price £5,000. Folio A1,008.

115-TON MOTOR YACHT, 120 ft. x 14 ft. 6 ins. Built recently of teak. Complete inventory. Twin engines. Price £9,000. Folio M1,375.

96-TON AUX. KETCH, built of teak. Paraffin engine. Good accommodation. Lying Solent. Price £3,000. Folio A1,006.

92-TON STEAM YACHT, very fast and economical. Designed Dixon Kemp, and exceptionally well built; very easy and cheap to run. Two saloons and 3 staterooms. Given away, £1,300. Folio S.Y.2.

91-TON AUX. YAWL. Kelvin engine. Three staterooms, saloon, etc. Lead keel and ballast. Lying Solent district. Price £4,500. Folio A1,011.

81-TON AUX. YAWL. Kelvin engine. One deckhouse, saloon, 3 staterooms. Good equipment. Lying near Liverpool. Price £4,200. Folio A1,009.

28 FT. x 7 FT. 6 INS. DAY CRUISER, built 1924. Straight bow, transom stern. Astle Studebaker 24 h.p. engine with self-starter. Lighting set. One saloon. Price £400. Folio M120.

9-TON CUTTER, built 1894. Designed by Dixon Kemp. L.O.A. 32 ft., beam 8 ft., draught 6 ft. Sails by Cranfield & Carter. New 1923. Built of double-skinned oak. One cabin (4 berths), ex-saloon. 5 ft. 9 ins. headroom under deck. Kelvin 7-9 h.p. engine, installed 1923. Good condition. Full inventory. Lying South Coast. Price £325. Folio A46.

A large selection of Steam Yachts available for winter charter

FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS.

Printed for the Proprietors, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, LTD., 9 King Street, Covent Garden (Telephone : Gerrard 3157, two lines), in the Parish of St. Paul, in the County of London, by HERBERT REICH, LTD., Eyot Works, St. Peter's Square, London, W.6; Saturday, October 31, 1925.